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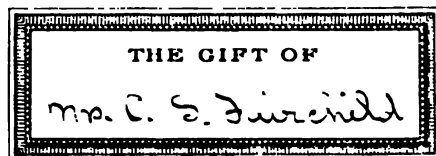
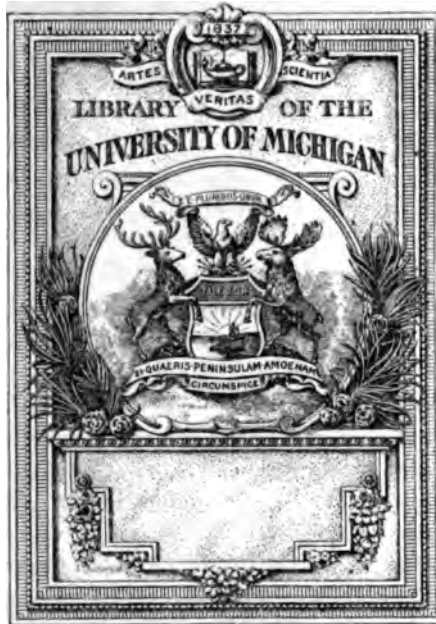
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FRANCIS ADRIAN
VAN DER KEMP

1752-1829

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

TOGETHER WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS
CORRESPONDENCE

EDITED, WITH AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

BY

HELEN LINCKLAEN FAIRCHILD

AUTHOR OF "JOURNALS OF JOHN LINCKLAEN"

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
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PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH portions of the autobiography of Francis Adrian van der Kemp have been published recently, both in this country and in Holland, and although it touches upon American history, it is believed to have appeared entire in print but once, in 1837, in an English periodical now difficult to procure. The present edition has been compared with an autograph copy,¹ and notes have been supplied, while, in order to make clearer Mr. Van der Kemp's political course in Holland, it has seemed necessary to add an account, from his own point of view, of the Patriot movement in Holland, and of some of his countrymen who took part with him in this movement, and also in behalf of the American Revolution, especially the Barons van der Capellen.

¹ In the possession of the Buffalo Historical Society. Presented by Mrs. Bernard Henry.

From Mr. J. A. Sillem's admirable paper on Capellen of Pol, much information has been drawn, and the indebtedness is here acknowledged, as well as the courteous aid of Messrs. F. Müller & Co. of Amsterdam, Mr. J. Nanninga Uitterdyk, Archivist of Kampen, the late Mr. L. van Hasselt, Archivist of Zwolle, and Mr. A. J. van Laer, of the New York State Library.

Of Mr. van der Kemp's papers but few remain. All documents relating to his public work in Holland were sent by him from Kingston to his friend Jan Jacob Cau, about 1790, and cannot now be traced. Letters from his correspondents in Europe and America during his life in the New World, with the exception of some from Jefferson and Clinton¹ and more than a hundred from John Adams² were for the most part returned or destroyed. Of letters written by van der Kemp himself, a great number were addressed to Adams, which Mr.

¹ In possession of the Buffalo Historical Society. Presented by Mrs. Bernard Henry.

² In possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. Presented by Mrs. Bernard Henry.

Charles Francis Adams has kindly allowed to be consulted. From these letters and from certain others to DeWitt Clinton,¹ to Luzac, and to Peter Vreede, extracts have been taken—and in some cases made more concise—which add to the slender material for the story of his life beyond what he himself has recorded.

The Buffalo, Pennsylvania, Oneida, Massachusetts, and Connecticut Historical Societies, and Columbia University, have kindly permitted the use of unpublished material from their collections. Passages have been quoted from Mr. Seymour's Centennial Address at Trenton, but the Address itself must be read for an account of Mr. van der Kemp's friends in Trenton, and for his Letters on a Tour of the Western District of this State in 1792, contained in the same volume.

Mrs. Pauline Elizabeth Henry, the granddaughter of van der Kemp, has permitted the photographing of his portraits, and it is with her sanction that the following pages are offered to such readers as may be interested in

¹ Among the Clinton Papers, Columbia University.

the period of which they treat, as *mémoires pour servir* for the personal history of a group of men in a foreign land, to whose good offices at a critical time the United States of America was greatly indebted.

HELEN LINCKLAEN FAIRCHILD.

LORENZO, CAZENOVIA, N. Y.,
June, 1903.

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CORRECTIONS.

Page 77, insert "*he* was willing to sacrifice."

Page 79, for "kinsman friend and Baron Pallandt," read "kinsman and friend Baron Pallandt."

Page 81, last word of last line, for *won*, read *now*.

Page 84, for "Wyk *to* Duurstede," read, "Wyk *te* Duurstede."

Page 195, insert *he*: "such consolations as *he* found."

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FRANCIS ADRIAN VAN DER KEMP

FRANCIS ADRIAN
VAN DER KEMP.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT is a strange web of political and personal associations which we must find on turning to the study of any life which, under whatever sky of Christendom, has touched its meridian in the period of the French Revolution. The old order is giving place to the new, and there seem gathered up in seventy brief years as many changes as Time usually allots to a much wider sweep of his sickle.

The "tale that is told" of his days by Francis Adrian van der Kemp in the following pages was written for his only son. The story of his ancestors is found in a vellum-covered *Geslacht Boeck*, in which the family history

has been entered ever since Mathys Bax, a citizen of Dordrecht, set himself in November, 1698, being then no longer young, to copy "word for word" from an old Bible ninety years' records concerning his people.

The story, commenced by Mathys's grandfather, Mathys Jansen, who married Adriana Bax at Delft about 1609, is continued by his father, Jan Mathysen Bax, who married Cornelia van Ablasen of Dort in 1639, and who carefully noted the births of his five children in the old book, as well as certain important simultaneous events. "My son Mathys was born Aug. 15, 1640, when they made the harbour outside St. George's gate." "My son Cornelius, April 20, 1646, when the long wooden bridge was rebuilt."

Jan Mathysen himself held many offices of trust. He died in 1683, and now lies "in the tomb of the Great Church, where his coat-of-arms is in the passage behind the choir."

His daughter Adriana was born, April 6, 1651, Thursday before Easter, when, as he notes, "the wheels of the crane are being re-

paired." Adriana married December 20, 1668, Gysbert van der Kemp, of a name already associated with the family through the marriage of an uncle, and their son Peter married Antonia van Drongelen.

In the next generation there was a son John van der Kemp, who, though bred for a merchant, entered the army in 1745, as Under-Lieutenant. In 1747, he was stationed with his regiment, that of the Prince of Birkenfeld, at Breda. Here he was married in the French, or Walloon, church, on September 10, 1747, to Anna Catharina Leydekker, daughter of Francis Leydekker, Receiver-General of Ter Tholen, and Seneschal of St. Martensdyk, whose mother was Helena de Huybert, daughter of Jan de Huybert, Lord of Westen Schouwen.

The Zealand family of de Huybert, famed even among the Spanish for valour and wealth, had established itself in the fifteenth century at Zierikzee by the wish of the people, and there later was entrusted with the highest offices of government. To three sailor-sons

of the race who carried Philip safely to Spain in their ship *Julium*, the Emperor Maximilian gave the right to arm three servants, and to carry a sword, with a device which is still used—"three crowned kings with a closed helmet out of which comes an armed hand," with the legend, *Waecht Huybert*, "Watch Huybert."

To John de Huybert, Cecilia de Witte, daughter of Jacob de Witte, Lord of Haamsteede, brought the same Haamsteede as her marriage portion. "From which marriage," writes John van der Kemp, the family chronicler in 1770, "were born, as I am informed, twenty-four children, of whom I have known four, besides Helena de Huybert, whose child was Anna Catharina Leydekker my wife." Van der Kemp sums up his own career in half a dozen modest lines: Cornet, Under-Lieutenant, Lieutenant, First Lieutenant by Commission, Captain, all entered in the old vellum-covered book.

"I have been," he says, "in the battles of Fontenoy and Rocroy, in which I lost all my baggage. I have also been in the engagements

of Malden and Aste, and have made the other campaigns; finally I have been in the pleasure camp of 1769." He continued in the army till his death at Maestricht in 1772, when of his seven children but three were living—the youngest, Cecilia Petronella,¹ who did not marry till after her mother's death; a son, Gysbert Antony, who went to the West Indies in 1777 in command of his troops and died at Batavia; another son, the oldest, named Francis Adrian, after his maternal grandfather and his maternal uncle-in-law 'S Gravezande, preacher at Middelburg, and baptised by Dominie Ramboulet in the French church at Kampen, May 7, 1752, who sixty-five years later wrote, by his study fire in his remote American home, the following history of his eventful early life.

¹ Cecilia Petronella married advocate W. C. van Wouw, May, 1791, and died at the birth of her daughter, Catharina Cecilia Petronella Constantia. She was married July 4, 1813, to Ulrich Johannes Blankers Pasqué at Geertruidenberg, and lived at Zwyndrecht, near Dordrecht. They had seven children.

F. A. V. D. K., MS., Genealogy.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FRANCIS ADRIAN VAN DER KEMP.¹

[F. A. van der Kemp was a correspondent of the late Rev. Dr. Joshua Toulmin, who introduced him as a correspondent to the late Rev. Theophilus Lindsey. He is honourably mentioned in Mr. Belsham's *Memoirs of the Essex Street Confessor* [Lindsey], pp. 225-272. He continued his correspondence with Mrs. Toulmin after her husband's decease, and communicated to her the following account of himself, not to be published during his lifetime. It is now put into our hands by the survivors in the family of Mrs. Toulmin; and we lay it before our readers as an ingenuous account of a patriot and sincere Unitarian Christian. We have made no other alterations in it than by a few verbal corrections of the style of a foreigner. —EDITOR OF *The Christian Reformer*.]

I.

EARLY YEARS IN HOLLAND.

MY DEAR SON. Although it has not fallen to my share to leave you wealth, yet consulting your wishes, it seemed to me that it might not be indifferent to you to be informed by myself of the principal events of your Father's chequered life. It may enhance this gift in some respect in your estim-

¹ From *The Christian Reformer*, London, No. xli., vol. iv., May 1837.

ation that it is voluntary. I declined it to a worthy patron and friend: it is true indeed I doubted that it might not afford him much satisfaction and I dreaded to cause disappointment: Charles Eliot urged once the same point, with somewhat more eagerness, and was seconded by his sister; and yet I continued to hesitate, as I was not vain enough to expect that I could, through these means, persuade them that their distinguished kindness had been no more than I deserved: In this case I would soon have passed the Rubicon. A son reads with quite another mind.

I do not examine with scrupulous anxiety, if pride in an honourable ancestry is a venial or deadly sin; but this I know, that even when a boy, I felt an exquisite delight, that I could, that I might call loudly my ancestors by name; that I could celebrate their virtues, their prowess in arms, their great renown in literature, without apprehension of meeting with obloquy or contradiction. From my Father's side, the *van der Kemps*, the *Bax*, the *van Drongelens*,¹—from my mother's, the *Leydekkers*,² the *de Huyberts*, the *de Witts*,³ Lords of Haamsteede, with their numerous alliances,—were so many spurs to him, in whose breast the last spark of glory was not extinguished for their emulation.

My worthy Father, educated for a merchant,

¹ This house dates from the thirteenth century.

² Of Middelburg, Zealand. A cultured race of whom Melchior (died 1721) was the most eminent.

³ See Kok for the history of this family from the thirteenth century.

entered the army in 1745, and was present in the battles of Lawfelt' [Lauffeld], Roucoux, with the *rencontres* at Aste and Malden. He married in 1747 Anna Catharina, only heir of Francis Leydekker, Receiver-General of Ter Tholen in Zealand, Drossard of St. Martensdyk, and Helena de Huybert.

I was born in Kampen in Overijssel on May 4, 1752, where the regiment in which my Father served was then garrisoned. Even when in the cradle, my good Mother too fondly anticipated that I should be once devoted to studies, because forsooth! as she seriously assured me, when I was unruy I became soon appeased whenever any books were thrown to me, but another childish event made a deeper impression upon her. My School Madam, either to silence our importunate questions, or lure us to her views, often held out the prospect that she would treat us with *pricken*, a species of fish broiled in butter. When at church, and standing before my Mother in her pew, the Minister Rev. — Hubert exclaimed: "Death, where is thy sting?" (in Dutch *prickel*.) I replied: "Pricken broiled in butter are good, but we eat roast beef and grey peas": after this observation I was silent.

Be these *præcociis ingenui* prognostics true or false, one thing is sure,—and this I considered always as a chief blessing, although I valued it not always as I ought to have done, and in some cases abused it,—that unconsciously I gained the good-will and affection of all around me.

† Near Maestricht.

As soon as my Father supposed that I was sufficiently instructed in the Dutch and French languages, he sent me to a Latin School at Zutphen in Gelderland. My progress was rather slow, without any brilliant proficiency ; yet when, the 14th January, 1763, I left the first for the second class, I was rewarded with *Nieuipoort de Ritibus Romanorum*. From Zutphen my parents moved to Zwolle in Overijssel, where I entered once more the first class, and was gradually advanced to the fourth, although my competitors for the first prize were every time too powerful. As far as I can recollect, I rose seldom higher than the third in rank. The Rev.—Serrurier,¹ a clergyman of eminent abilities and our nearest neighbour, told my Mother, that in his opinion I should never arrive at any eminence as a man of letters. He advised her to choose another profession.

This insinuation induced my Parents, who could not brook [the idea] that I should not rise above mediocrity, in part to accept the proffer of placing me as Cadet in a company of Infantry,² in the Regiment of Holtein Gottorp, in the year 1764, without however discontinuing my application to the Greek and Latin languages. In 1766, I took the same station in my Father's regiment,³ when we removed from Zwolle to Bois-le-Duc ; where I once more entered the third class, was encouraged to

¹ Jan Jacob (b. 1727) descended from a race of preachers, was minister at Zwolle, and later at The Hague.

² Captain Muntz's.

³ Of Cavalry, of Lieutenant-General de Famars.

further progress in Greek and Latin Literature in 1768 with the prize of *Sanctii Minerva Perizonii*, and in 1769 with *Burmanii Poemata* in 4to, when I entered the last class: while I received at the same time private instructions by Professor Chauffepié¹ in Greek, and by Professor de Witt in the rudiments of Hebrew, as my Father seriously hoped, that he might devote me to the Church, and fostered warm prejudices about the name of van der Kemp—as if talents were an heritage! It weighed much with this worthy man that he could not perceive any predilection for a military life, and he presumed to predict that a contemplative one would be more congenial to my character. In this he was confirmed by the following event, at least he was pleased to give it this explanation.

An encampment, which was ordered in 1769, would have been a serious and expensive obstruction to my studies, and useless if I quitted the military career; but my Father peremptorily declined to intercede in my favor, to obtain an exemption; he could not brook a refusal, and would not ask it of the Prince of Hesse,² but left it willingly to me to act as I deemed proper. I paid then a visit to his Highness, solicited the boon, and on his abrupt repulse instantly requested my dismissal from service, which I obtained. Scarcely had I returned under the pa-

¹ George Abraham, minister of French church at 'S Bosch, where in 1760 he was made Professor in Greek at the "Illustre School." Died 1773.

² Frederik, Prince of Hessen-Cassel (1747-1837), son of Frederik and Maria, daughter of George II.; in April, 1768, "General Major" of Cavalry.

ternal roof, than, in answer to the questions of my Father on the result, I threw my military accoutrements on the floor, and told him I had obtained my dismissal. I went nevertheless with my Father's consent to the encampment for a few days, and paid there my respects to the same Prince, who asked me with a sneer, if this visit did not interfere with my studies. "It would have done so, Prince! had I complied with your Highness's commands, to make a sacrifice of so many months as I now do of days, to witness the gallantry of your valiant regiment."

In the examination of the summer season in 1770, I received [a prize] *Junius de Pictura Veterum*, and was deemed by the Regents qualified for the University.

I left my paternal home in August, 1770, for Groningen's University,¹ and devoted the two first years to the elementary studies, hearing the lectures of Professor Jac. de Rhoer² in Latin and Greek; Professor Nic. Schroeder³ in Oriental languages, and Le Sage Ten Broek and Widder in philosophy, viz. Metaphysics, Natural History, Cosmology, neglecting too much the Mathesis, of which I afterwards could only obtain a very superficial knowledge. Besides these important occupations I received private instruction in the English and Italian languages, being already deep enough initiated in the French and German to draw benefit from their authors. Serrurier's

¹ He spent four years there.

² 1720-1813. Famous in his day.

³ Nicolaas Willem (1729-1798). "This great man was known everywhere as the Arabian."

ominous prediction, and my determination to leave nothing untried, to soar if possible above mediocrity, made me exert all my strength with a view to conquer.

Ere long my health was impaired by chemical experiments, by extravagant studies, allowing myself but seldom five hours rest, often contented with two and three, often taking no rest at all. A seemingly broken constitution was now further shaken by alarming convulsions, but Professor Camper's¹ art, and my listening to his advice, restored me to health. I now studied standing at the desk, took more rest, and recovered perfectly. I had provided me with a library rather more voluminous and elegant than my situation permitted or required, my Uncle 'S Gravezande² instilling continually in my mind, "Beware of the man who studies a few books, makes a choice of the best, and uses these night and day." But I was careful to arm myself at the end of every year with recommendations of my professors, which I obtained liberally and often unsolicited, with high encomiums of other friends; and this failed not to atone for my excesses in spending far more than was convenient in my situation.

My Father died January 27, 1772. This was a doleful event indeed, losing in him a tender Father and affectionate friend, whose worth was valued by all who knew him. My mother's situation, bereft

¹ Petrus (1722-1789). A distinguished man. In 1763 made professor at Groningen of medicine, surgery, and botany.

² Adrianus. Preacher at Asperen. His wife was Anthonia van der Kemp, sister of John.

by his death of this support, obliged her to a yet more rigid economy, which however had before been her constant practice, and compelled her to submit to my dependence on my Uncle chiefly, to provide for the future expenses of my studies.

In the third year of my studies I tacked to my former studies a course of lectures in botany by Professor Camper, early in the morning before breakfast, that of Ecclesiastical History under Professor Paul Chevalier and those of the famous van der Marck¹ on Ecclesiastical Laws and the Laws of Nature.

I was prompted to this outstep, as I doubted if I could finally enter the sacred fold; but if so, both these branches were useful to any clergyman. Some of my connections among the military young men, my former comrades in my classic studies, had been initiated in the mysteries of the Deistical school. As their conversations and the writings of their admired Authors were pleasing to the imagination, embellished by taste and brilliancy of wit, I devoured these with greediness; and as I was not imbued with a solid knowledge of the Christian Revelation, I was dazzled and misled by their fair appearance, by their sophisms, through want of fixed principles before I perceived it. To this was joined a deep hatred of the clerical hierarchy and their continued usurpations, while their persecuting zeal threw me ere long off my guard and made me enter the ranks of their opponents.

Associating with young men of the first families

¹ Frederik Adolph (1719-1800).

in the Republic, of the nobility as well as gentry, arguing in public theses against the dominion of the clergy, their rage was soon raised to the highest pitch. It was in vain that my friends and patrons pleaded my cause and palliated my imprudence; I was to them a reprobate old in sin though young in years. In some respects I am in duty bound to acknowledge, they treated me with condescending kindness, inviting me, often directly, more however through their children and relatives to their houses, in the hope, as they protested, to save me. It is true they had no reason to complain of my conduct. Although prudence was not always my guide, yet my errors were unknown; my intimacy with the best of their students was in my favour; it was rather a deep rooted hatred towards Professor van der Marck, than a well pointed enmity towards me. They complained of me to my Uncle, drew me before an Ecclesiastical tribunal of professors and ministers, and threatened that I should become ere long an outcast and be treated as such, if I did not abandon the lectures of van der Marck, with the company of my associates, purify my library, and renew my former course and studies, in conformity to the wishes of my relatives; then I should be cordially received, then again be favoured with their protecting care.

Rejecting all proposals of reconciliation on such terms with disdain, unwilling to give up my Master's cause, though that good man urged me to comply, seeing I had no prospect whatever of being sup-

ported by my relatives, I resolved to sell my library, a few select books excepted, to pay my debts, and maintain myself in independence a while longer. This plan I executed as soon as the catalogue could be printed, devoted myself entirely to the study of the political state of my country, chiefly its *Jus Publicum*, its customs, usages and form of government, resolved to abstain from my usual dinner at the ordinary, and contented myself with bread, butter and cheese, and a glass of wine, with which I was provided, as I could not stoop to continue, as my comrades solicited, to take the same fare with them in a public house, at their expense. My patrons among the professors continued to favour me, even some who disapproved or lamented my waywardness, by which they without intending it encouraged me to proceed.

Several of the first families, the Ladies Mancel van Birum, the Goekingas, Turck, Feldman, the Revs.—Blaeu and Jansonius continued to favour me with their kindnesses, while the first of these matrons opened me liberally her purse; while Professor Paulus Chevalier, to prevent the scandal which he said he dreaded from a public sale, bought my collection of French Deistical writers. I need not to insinuate that I was impeccable; you could not believe it did I make such an attempt, my passions were violent and too often indulged, but more than once I was wonderfully spared. I owed their good will chiefly to their noble and generous minds, and in some respects to my unrelenting endeavours to

save an outward decorum, to be courteous and condescending towards superiors, more so toward the females, firm and daring among my equals, kind to servants, and devoting nights and days, when not given to pleasure, to my studies.

I wrote now a warm defence of my Master against the clergy, and published the fruits of my leisure hours, a small essay entitled *My Amusements*, reprinted in 1777. I could not fix on a plan, and remained thus in a critical state of suspense. My young friends, many of the first families and nobility, but without the means to assist me, wished that I should endeavour to reconcile my relatives to obtain of them the permission to study the law, but I knew this was in vain, except the respectable clergy had been willing to support my entreaties; but this body was then too much exasperated to expect from it such a condescension. I had formed already many connections with learned characters in Holland, chiefly among the Remonstrants, and entered into correspondence with the Rev. Joshua Toulmin¹ at Taunton, to whom I had been recommended by the Rev. Sowden of Rotterdam.

From all these I received wise and salutary advices, but no effectual aid. At this period I received an offer of a civil employ at St. George Delmina on

¹ Born 1740. Baptist Minister at Taunton, England, later a Socinian, and Minister in the New Meeting, Birmingham, 1804."—"Last week's London letter informed me of the death of my oldest friend, Dr. Joshua Toulmin, since 1772 a guide of my youth, and since my constant warm friend. MS. letter to Adams, Jan. 9, 1816.

the African coast, on the recommendation of Professor van der Marck. Shortly after another to go with a young gentleman as his Governour to the West Indies; and, at the same time a generous proposal, to continue my studies in Divinity at the Seminary of the Remonstrants at Amsterdam, with the assurance that in all my expenses should be provided. However flattering the latter was, however warmly seconded by disinterested advisers, I found myself compelled to decline it because one of the great *pretended* crimes of my Master was, that he was an Arminian, that he instilled those principles into his students, because it would have been considered as a proof of their accusation, and because I would not hurt the keenest feelings of my nearest relatives, who in many respects remained dear to my heart. I knew myself too well to accept the guidance of a youth, when I was scarce to be trusted to regulate my own conduct.

The inhospitable coast of Delmina seemed now my only refuge when it struck my mind, that the Baptists at Amsterdam were reputed to be of extensive liberal principles, that I was intimate with some wealthy and learned members of this community, Professor Oosterbaen at Amsterdam, the Rev. John Stinstra at Harlingen, and, through his recommendation, with the family of Hoofman at Haerlem. I resolved then to open my mind to Professor Oosterbaen, ask him for support to promote my studies at Amsterdam in their Seminary, "if I could be admitted without compromising myself in any manner, without

constraint to any religious opinions I might foster or adopt in future, and with a full assurance, that I should be decently supported"; all which was generously accepted, and Oosterbaen actually acted and proved himself to me a friend and benefactor, a guide and father.

I left thus Groningen to remain, during the vacancy, at the University of Franeker, being there gratified with the rooms and library of my friend Chaudoir, then a candidate of the Gallican Church, and on a visit to his parents.

I left that place in September, 1773, for Amsterdam, to enter on a new course of studies among the Baptists. As soon as I was arrived at the rooms procured for me by Professor Oosterbaen, with my small though select library augmented with a few authors indispensably required, I resolved seriously to begin my inquiry in the truth and nature of the Christian Revelation. Armed with the necessary knowledge of ancient and modern history, civil and ecclesiastical, with church antiquities and a tolerable supply of classic literature, I endeavoured to lay aside all preconceived prejudices, and desired with sincerity to discover the truth; at least I imagined myself to be in this mood, and believe yet that it was so.

I remained in my study and continued my inquiries night and day, taking no more rest than was imperiously required, and was within a short time, fully convinced of the historical truth of the Christian revelation. Having re-examined the whole

chain of arguments, no doubt remained lurking in my breast; but the grand question remained, "What is the Christian religion? Shall I learn it from the lectures of Professor Oosterbaen, a man so learned, so pious, so generous towards me, and preach to others the doctrine which he has examined and adopted as true?" To this I could not submit; my heart revolted at the idea of such a slavery: I took some time to consider this important subject. It was clear if I might not implicitly trust Professor Oosterbaen, as an infallible guide with all his mental endowments, then, still less I ought to trust to dogmatical writers, of whatever authority they might be deemed in any church. I ought thus, this only remained, to examine for myself. I took it for granted, and am not yet undeceived, if I was then in an error, I took it for a truth, that if the Christian Revelation is from God, then any one, even of the meanest understanding, with a sincere heart, *may, must* be able to discover God's will, viz. what he is to do and to believe for his salvation.

On this ground I took the New Testament in Greek in hand, resolved to pass by all which I did not understand at first view. So I read the New Testament, I mean the Evangelists and Acts, again and again, until I was convinced that Jesus came into the world to bring life and immortality to light, which was undiscoverable by the light of reason; that a merciful God required from frail creatures sincerity of heart and genuine repentance; that to love Him and one's neighbour was the summary of the doctrine of Jesus,

the true characteristics of the genuine believer; and that it was the will of our Heavenly Father that all His children should be saved. I did not discover, neither searched for, the dogmas of Calvin, Socinus, Arminius, or Menno; neither cared much about these matters except in a literary point of view; and so and not further did I intend to pay any attention to them. I explained myself faithfully and with candour to my friend, and deemed it a duty in my situation to make a public profession of my religious principles, and received baptism at Amsterdam from the worthy van Heiningen in November, 1773.¹

I punctually attended during two years the lectures of Professor Oosterbaen and van der Marck in theology and of D. Wyttenbach in the Greek language; while I only devoted a small portion of my time to Mathematics, in which I was unsuccessful. About this time I entered in correspondence with several learned men in Germany, among others with Spalding and Dam at Berlin, Arnoldi at Herborn, Faber at Berg-Zabern, Zlapfer at Zurich, and Lazar de Torotske at Clausenberg in Transylvania.

On the 18th December, 1775, I was admitted as a candidate of the sacred ministry, received a call in the city of Ter Goes in Zeeland, 1st May, 1776; on the 3rd of June another in the village of Makkum

¹ "The Baptists of the Netherlands never had power, never could aim at it, by their tenets, they must not, cannot be confounded with the Anabaptists of Munster and Germany who were fanatics."

MS. letter to Adams, Aug. 11, 1812.

"I joined the Baptists' meeting at the Tower and Lamb, attracted by their toleration."—MS., Genealogy.

in Friesland, both which I declined; on the 25th of July that of Huyzen in Holland, and on the 1st of August that of West Zaandam were offered, the former of which I accepted; entering shortly after on my ministerial career, when I preached from 1st Cor. x., 15. It was indeed a pleasant situation not far from the sea-coast; my parishioners, fishermen and farmers, most of them in easy circumstances, the members of my consistory well instructed men, and all bent with eagerness to render my abode with them comfortable. Here I translated although in part only, Ganganelli's *Letters*, upon the advice of my friend Oosterbaen, who by this work intended to ameliorate my situation; but this good man was obliged ere long to take the whole burden on himself, while he allowed me the full benefit of his work; "Although you cannot submit to the drudgery, you shall not destroy my good intention," he said.

On the 7th of December I received an invitation from the congregation at Aerdenberg in Flanders, if I inclined to come thither. The 30th of July next I was requested to preach at Leyden and the 4th of August at Middelburg in Zealand, and was chosen as minister in the congregation at Leyden on the 1st of October where I began my ministerial labours on the 13th of November with my inaugural sermon on Rom. i., 20.

My cousin Didericus van der Kemp¹ was a Professor of Divinity in the University, and although a

¹ 1731-1780. Son of Cornelis and grandson of Johannes, both clergymen. The famous Jean Theodore van der Kemp of Rotterdam,

man of the most amiable character was one of the chiefs of the orthodox party, and had entered the lists with Professor Bonnet of Utrecht against Goodricke to oppose liberal principles, and destroy tolerantism within the pale of the church. He was affable and courteous towards me, as well as to all out of the boundaries, but would not commune with a doubtful brother; he said he approved my sincerity but lamented my errors: they were the offspring—it was revived—of van der Marck's tuition. There was an immense conflux at my inaugural discourse of all ranks and classes. I did not give offence, except that a few old members of my congregation shuddered, when I told them that my Father followed the army, and that I served in it during five years. The Dutch Baptists condemn the use of arms in any case.

It was not long ere I had a serious struggle with my consistory. Through neglect or carelessness the disposal and management of an institution for pious purposes, in behalf of the poor of the church, had been lost, or surrendered to the Magistracy and a cavalry officer, physician, and at last missionary and founder of Bethelsdorp in Africa, was a brother of Didericus, as was also Johannes Cornelis of Leyden.

Chalmot in some points confounds van der Kemp with his cousin Theodorus, who publicly disclaimed Francis Adrian's politics, and with whom the latter differed equally in religion.

"I knew him well. He was a man of vast learning and profound mind, . . . and surprising talents, . . . by which I often have been benefited. I cannot envy the situation of his last years. . . . There has been a striking . . . coincidence in many respects of our lives, and we may at length arrive at the same goal by a different course. . . ."—MS. letter to Lincklaen, Apr. 8, 1816.

wealthy family of my congregation. I urged, long in vain, that this property ought to be restored, that it was a duty; at length I told them I should do it, and leave no stone unturned till I had recovered the possession, and restored to the church its inalienable rights. I was on a good footing with the Pensionary of the city, the Hon. Mr. van Royen, and intimate with Peter Vreede, whose Father made this encroachment; while he was dying, I would not embitter his last moments; but no sooner was he gone to his Fathers, than I renewed with increased ardour my enterprise and saw it crowned with full success, when the full consistory could not but thank me, though not with the best grace. They dared to propose to me the subscription of formularies and a creed, which all their former ministers had complied with; my colleague seconded the importune demands of the large majority; two only supported me. One session followed the other. Reasoning, ridicule, all was employed, long in vain, till at length having exhausted their patience, and convinced of my unwillingness to give way one single hair-breadth, one and another from time to time leaving their side, all submitted to annul forever the articles of subscription.¹

¹ "To-day the Mennonites have no test, no church, no rite, no clergy, but fraternities, in which the minister is the 'voorganger' or leader, though his education, social position, and general duties are like those of all Protestant ministers. In Amsterdam they have their own seminary and their Professors are much honoured, their teaching appeals not only to the religious, but very strongly to the ethical and moral tendencies of humanity."—*Dutch Life in Town and Country*, p. 243.

I dare say I made no abuse of my success, by which I gained the good-will of my colleague, and many of his adherents, who regretted that I was not cast in a more serious mould, and to appearances, and in reality too worldly minded.

Several circumstances concurred by which at this period my political connections were renewed, and first in Holland, soon in the other Provinces; among these with van Berckel,¹ Paulus,² de Gyzelaer,³ and Baron van der Capellen tot den Pol.

¹ Engelbert François van Berckel; or his brother Pieter Johan van Berckel, the first Minister from the United Provinces to the United States, who died at Newark, New Jersey, October 27, 1800.

² Pieter Paulus. Born 1754. A Dutch statesman "avocat et conseiller fiscal de l'Amirauté de le Meuse." In two years he brought the Dutch navy up from its ruins to forty ships of the line, all nearly new. He was dismissed from office in 1787 in spite of his high standing. He went to Versailles, and was received with distinction. Returning to Holland he held many offices after the fall of the Stadtholderate, until his death in 1796. His best known work is that on the Union of Utrecht. See Michaud.

³ Cornelis de Gyzelaer, 1751-1815. Pensionary of Dort from 1779 till the revolution of September, 1787. He was in Amsterdam when the Prussians captured the city; afterwards remained for some time in Harlem, and then went to Brussels with his family. In 1799 he returned to Holland, and lived at Leyden until his death.

"M. Gyzelaer [Pensionary of Dort] is a young gentleman of about thirty; but of a genius and activity, a candour and prudence, which, if his health is not too delicate, must make him the man of the first consideration in this Republic. I am happy in a friendly and familiar acquaintance with him, and shall certainly continue it, because his abilities and integrity, his industry, his great and growing popularity, and his influence in the Assembly of the States of Holland, as well as in all the Provinces and cities, will render him an important man, in spite of all the opposition of the Court."—Adams to Livingston, Sept. 4, 1782. *Dip. Corres.*, vol. iii., p. 637.

II.

POLITICAL WORK AND FRIENDSHIPS.

WHEN van der Kemp first met Capellen of Pol is not known, but he was the bosom friend of that nobleman, of whom he says that he laid his whole soul open to him, consulted him in everything, and confided to him his most secret plans.¹ Long years after he brought with him to America the portrait of Baron Johan Derk, as also one of Baron Robert Jaspar van der Capellen of Marsch in Gelderland, his cousin. Both were of that House of Capellen² which is said to have taken its name from the Chaplains, or Capelani, of the Court of France. By the twelfth century many branches were living in the Netherlands. Its annals, reaching back during

¹ See Hartog, *Uit de dagen der Patriotten*, p. 55. ² See Kok.

seven hundred years, recall Motley's simile of some well-kept tapestry, crowded with antique figures upon a background of mediæval town and country, for here are Cunegondas and Enguerrands, Priors, Abbesses, owners of much land in the Cleves and Guelders country, knights summoned against the common enemy, slain in the wars, abjuring the King of Spain, signing the Union of Utrecht, Knights of Malta—each and all bearing the arms “with the chapel on the cross.” The earliest known ancestor was Hendrik, a powerful and distinguished Knight, A.D. 1287, whose children had possessions in the land of Cleves, and his great-grandson Gerlach when he left his father's house in 1378 to dwell in Zutphen, received from his relatives as a parting remembrance a drinking cup in the form of a silver-gilt chapel, which descended in his family until, in 1572, it was lost at the sacking of the city by the younger Alva.

Gerlach married a daughter of the old and noble family of van der Marsch, of the House of Marsch near Zutphen, and founded

the Zutphen branch of the van der Capellen family.

Four generations more, of men holding posts of honour, and we come to another Gerlach, Burgomaster of Zutphen in 1505, and to the opening times of the "Spanish Tyranny," and find one "who walked in the footsteps of his fathers and ancestors," Hendrik of Overysse, a defender of the faith and liberty of his Fatherland, for forty years Burgomaster of Zutphen, signing at the head of the magistracy of that city the Union of Utrecht. So well did he serve his country—so well did he garrison his city—that when, for the first time after his death in 1582, Zutphen fell into the enemy's hands, they not only "razed his ancestral houses in the Water Street," confiscated his property and proscribed his memory, but were hardly restrained from tearing his body from its grave in the great church at Zutphen, where at the age of seventy-six years he had been gathered to his fathers.

The youth of his eldest son Gerlach, born in 1543, was in the peaceful times before the

troubles. He studied at Cologne, Geneva, Basel, Heidelberg, and Rome, then "returned to his Fatherland in Peril" at the outbreak of hostilities, when he was twenty-five years of age. For more than fifty years to come he was to risk his life in the great cause in which Hendrik had yet fourteen years to serve.

Neither father nor son regarded life or fortune except so far as *bloed en geld* might serve their country in her mighty struggle for civil and religious liberty. In his eighty-second year Gerlach, too, was buried in the great church,—the beautiful St. Walburga Kerk¹—of Zutphen, having outlived all his countrymen of Gelderland, who went hand in hand with him in the founding of the Republic.

The lot of his son Alexander fell in more peaceful times. He too was a man of learning—a student at Leyden of great attainments. Living long in France, he was entrusted with the conduct of many diplomatic affairs, but

¹ Many of the Capellens rest here, but the monuments to Hendrik and Gerlach and the grave where the former lies, found by accident in 1895, were shown with especial interest by the custodian, G. J. Memelink, in 1896.



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greater interest lies for us in the fact that his elder brother Hendrik signed on behalf of the West India Company Peter Stuyvesant's commission as Director of New Netherland, and both brothers through their purchase of Staten Island and also of "land of the Navesinck and Raritans"¹ made what proved to be the "last effort to plant colonies under Patroons in America,"² and first linked the name of van der Capellen with our own country more than two hundred years ago.

So as we approach the eighteenth century, the family in all its branches, in its twelfth recorded generation, holds its own. The men are still in the military or diplomatic service, their brides still have goodly dowries, like Ermengarde de Landas, who brings to the grandfather of Baron van der Capellen "Appeltern" and "Altforst," lying in their beautiful pasture grounds in the Maaswaal, while among the sixteen quarterings of their son Frederik, who rests in the great church of

¹ See *Documents Relative to the Colonial History of the State of New York*, vol. i., p. 493; vol. xiv., pp., 168, 393.

² See Schuyler's *Colonial New York*, vol. i., pp. 21, 24, *et seq.*

Arnhem, are the arms of the House of Brederode, proverbially the most noble in the land. Nor was Johan Derk, the child of Fredrik borne to him by his wife Elizabeth van Bassenn, to prove himself unworthy of the line of which he was later believed to be so proud.

Robert Jaspar, his cousin, was descended from the same paternal great-grandfather, and was known as Baron van der Capellen of Marsch and Lathmer. He studied at the University of Utrecht at the same time with Johan Derk, where their close intimacy ripened into what was to be a lifelong friendship. These two young nobles in the gay dress, and doubtless of the gay carriage, of the *pruiken-tyd*, seem in their sense of political responsibility grave beyond their years, though both came naturally through training and tradition by their liberal ideas.

Resolving, whatever Neptune might ordain, to keep their rudder true, to oppose despotism at whatever cost, the young pilots carefully studied the principles of government, a share in



which, in the ordinary course of things, would soon be entrusted to them in their respective State Assemblies.

On the most elaborated page in Johan Derk's *Liber Amicorum* which has come down from those boyish days, is a finished little coloured drawing of two hands clasped over an altar, with the Capellen arms on its base, and the date of 1762. It is needless to translate the motto, the quotation, the sentiment; all breathe eternal friendship, for the name below is "R. J. van der Capellen."

But there had evidently been time for making other friends under the green domes of the lime-trees of the Maliebaan, or by the precincts of the University. The *Liber Amicorum* contains the names of nearly forty students, all written at *Traj: ad Rhen.*, between the dates of March, 1760, and November, 1764, each under a sentiment, and a quotation flanked by a motto, usually in Latin.

Among its pages is one signed by Baron Robert Jaspar's brother, Alexander Philip van der Capellen, who was later to die a martyr to

the Patriot cause. Other names are there, which afterwards became known in the Patriot annals—but none were written in the little book after 1764.

Johan Derk van der Capellen was more closely allied than Robert Jaspas with van der Kemp during that turbulent revolutionary "patriot-time preceding the Prussian invasion, when no man was more talked of, more hated, more loved than he." The liberal cause so dear to his heart was for a time to be strangely interwoven with that of the United States. In three distinct emergencies Baron Johan Derk served us well, and the course of his short life should not be without interest for Americans.

He was born at Tiel, November 2, 1741, the eldest son of Frederik Jacob van der Capellen, Major of Infantry, and his wife Anna Elizabeth, daughter of Dirck Reinier van Bassenn, "of an old and noble race, which, unlike most of the Guelder families, and especially those of the Ridders of the Veluwe, was not one of the pillars of the House of Orange."

Thus the storms of van Bassenn's public life, when he stood for "the old privileges," had made it a short one, and he found it better to leave Arnheim and spend the many years remaining to him in a new home at Tiel.

Here his daughter was married, and here her husband left her and her children to spare them the changes of garrison life. Celebrated as van Bassenn was for the breadth of his knowledge, the delight and instruction of his daily companionship, it was well that his grandson's education was entrusted to him. This intercourse with a man of seventy to whom a child has learned to look up, and whose chief interests and studies were in the history of his country, easily influenced Johan Derk's life, though he seems to have been under his immediate care for a few years only.

After 1752 the lad spent six years going through the Cursus of the Latin School of Bois-le-Duc. Not fond of Latin and Greek, but standing well, he next studied at Utrecht. In days to come he was deeply to regret the neglect of his opportunities here, which by

1763 were at an end. He now found himself with weak health, unformed plans, and no home, since his father, then established as a country gentleman at Appeltern, strangely enough kept him aloof, and he lived first with one, then with another, of his many relatives. For a young Gelderland noble who, besides being no great scholar, had no taste for the army or the court, nor could follow his bent for the navy, "life on an estate was in the middle of the eighteenth century the indicated future, and for that was required, almost as a *sine qua non*, a wife." In 1765 he asked his father's consent to his betrothal with the *Freule* of Wittenstein, Hillegonda Anna, daughter of Hendrik Willem Bentinck, which after much ado, and with little money, was finally granted. The marriage took place on June 4, 1766, and the first years thereafter were spent chiefly at Wittenstein,¹ where he resumed his neglected studies.

It is said that while recognising political duty he showed as yet no turn for political life.

¹ Still standing in the Kamperveen.

Yet it is recorded that he early took steps to enter the Ridderschap and the Upper House of the States of Zutphen, but, this failing, he decided to enter the Ridderschap of Overijssel, qualified by his birth, and his fulfilment of all requirements, that of a "Knightly estate" being met by his ownership of Bredenhorst (later exchanged for that of Pol), to complete the purchase of which he had to borrow money.

The opposition to his claim was silenced by the Stadtholder's support, and two years after his first request, October 22, 1772, he was received as Regent into the Ridderschap of Overijssel. While up to 1768 he had scarcely chosen his party, since that time he had read English philosophy and statecraft, Hume, Kames, Locke, Priestley's political writings, and Hutcheson's, had taken stronger hold of liberal principles, and had determined "to try to bring about an open and plain opposition, a necessity in every State." Thus the astonished Stadtholder found in him no partisan, but one who in his very presence and in his maiden speech opposed his Highness's policy

of the increase of the standing army apart from that of the navy, and also the influence of the detested Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel.¹

Two years later, there arose a burning question of foreign policy. As he had come to believe in the theory of the omnipotence of the people and the holiness of their rights, so "he had lost no occasion to keep pace with the obstinate contest of England and her American colonies." It now happened that the States of Overijssel were called upon to cast a decisive vote in a measure affecting the most important event of the eighteenth century, the rise of the United States. Van der Capellen boldly struck his first blow for this cause, when on the sixteenth of December, 1775, six months before the Declaration of Independence, he delivered his famous speech opposing the government measure of the

¹ The Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel had been the Governor of the Prince, and later received *carte-blanche* under a formal instrument, drawn up by van Bleiswyck, and signed by William, to assist him in military and other affairs. He left his prince-pupil only a shadow of power, and directed all for eighteen years in the Stadtholder's name and in the English interest. See De Witt.

"Lending of the Scotch Brigade to the King of England for service in America, as a mark of friendship."

Readers of *Waverley* may remember in *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror*, the account of Captain Falconer of the "Scotch Dutch as they were called," who went to the High Church in Rotterdam in company with "two or three officers of the Scotch Brigade." So too, Evelyn, on July 18, 1685, "went to see the muster of the six Scotch and English regiments whom the Prince of Orange had lately sent to his Majesty out of Holland upon this rebellion, but which were now returning, there having been no occasion for their use."

It was the same Scotch Brigade that now, in 1775, his Britannic Majesty again summoned from among the foreign mercenaries employed in the Dutch army, as had been the custom since the middle of the fourteenth century. For a hundred years the relations between the United Provinces and Great Britain had been those of master and slave,¹ and

¹ Adams.

it was a fierce tide which Capellen breasted when, in the Collegie, the old Franciscan cloister¹ in quiet Kampen where in that year the States of Overijssel met, "he opposed with all his endeavours" this demand, set forth in an autograph letter from King George to William V., for troops to be sent against the American colonies, and when he declared in his speech that whatever might be the ultimate fate of the colonies he would always regard it as a glory and an honour openly to have protected in his public character their cause, which he still regarded as that of all the human kind. This speech caused only "a great sensation" yet when the Brigade was at last lent the King, it was upon the condition it should not be used "out of Europe."²

In the face of the Stadtholder's already grave displeasure, Capellen had the temerity to print this speech, all of which made a great stir. The States of Overijssel three months later struck it from their records. "They

¹ Now torn down. A school stands in its place.

² *Brieven*, p. 62.

A D V I S
D O O R
JOHAN DERK BARON VAN DER CAPELLEN
HEER VAN DEN
P O L

Befchreeven in de Ridderfchap van Overijfel.

Over het Verzoek van Zyne MAJESTEIT den KONING
van GROOT-BRITTANNIE:

*Om als een blyt van vriendschap, en geenfins uit hoofde van eenige
fchifftloesende Traktaten of Verbindeniffen, welken daar toe zouden
verplichten, het Corps in dienst van HUN HOOG MOEGENDEN,
bekend onder den naam van de SCHOTISCHE BRIGADE,
by leening voor een tyd te laaten volgen en dit
Corps gedurende de tegenwoordige troubles in
de Americaanfche Colonien, in Hoofst-
derzelfs dienst en folwy te doen overgaan.*

Op den 16 Decembris 1775. ter Vergadering van RIDDERECHAP EN
STATEN DE STAATEN VAN OVERIJSEL uitgebragt, en in de
Notulen dier Provincie geinfereerd.



TE A M S T E L D A M,
By FRANS HENDRIK DEMTER, Boekverkoper in de Pylftree.

2000

1

first disposed of my speech," said he later, "they next disposed of me." But he had the gratification to hear from America, for Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, with the president and members of the honourable Congress, sent through Erkelens an enclosed letter of thanks, "and many private citizens from all parts of the country ask me to send you their hearty thanks also."¹

Capellen replied to Trumbull as follows :

. . . Quant à votre obligeante lettre, que Monsieur Erkelens me dit m'être envoyée, aussi à la requisition du President et des Membres de l'honorable Congress—soyez persuadé, Monsieur, que déposée parmi mes chartres, elle me sera a jamais plus precieuse que l'ordre de la chevalerie la plus brillante dont quelque Monarque que ce soit, auroit pu me decorer. Mes Ancetres ont de tems immemorial figuré dans nombre de Corps et Chapitres nobles. Ma Maison a donné de Chevaliers à Malthe et à l'Ordre Teutonique ; mais ce temoignage de l'approbation dont il plait au Peuple Americain d'honorer mes efforts, bien intentionnés, mais foibles en effet pour lui être utile, me vaut plus que tout cela. Ma posterité, si Dieu m'en donne, ne manquera pas de s'en glorifier. C'est mon cœur qui parle. Il se sent

¹ *Brieven*, p. 6, July 22, 1777.

touché. Ayez la bonté de faire parvenir son langage à la connoissance de ceux au nom des quels vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire.¹

But the formal thanks of Congress he seems never to have received, much to Trumbull's regret, who could only write :

"We had nothing to offer you but our thanks and to withhold the most honourable public testimony of these did appear to me very unjustifiable as well as highly impolitic, . . . silence I did conceive merited the name of ingratitude."²

¹ *Brieven*, p. 85, December 7, 1778.

² *Brieven*, p. 669, October 1, 1783.

The difficulties of their correspondence were not small. When Governor Trumbull had the "honour and pleasure to acknowledge," August 31, 1779, in a letter to Baron van der Capellen, the latter's first and triplicate letter of December 7, 1778, he says that "the former came the 18th. instant, the latter about three weeks ago by Captain Niles from France. . . . The duplicate came to Philadelphia, the first that arrived."—(See Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. First series, vol. vi. Boston, 1798.) This letter was entrusted to Mr. Gosuinus Erkelens, who intended to have delivered it to the Governor on the 2nd of June, 1779. "But," wrote Mr. Erkelens, "a most unlucky affair will praevent me that great satisfaction; to my greatest sorrow I left my sulky with all my baggage in Middletown; my horse being worried out; I would send for the same by water, which I did, and the man which I send instead following my orders to have the Carriage floated behind the boat; had the imprudency to take it in the boat: which has made the same oversett: and all my things sinkt into the River: I could find no

All the time [van der Kemp continues], which I now could spare, I devoted to becoming thoroughly acquainted not only with the history and antiquities, but principally with the laws and constitution of my country. My bosom glowed with the sacred fire of patriotism, and it seemed to me the period was fast approaching, if not already there, in which these sacred rights—long lost or neglected or made doubtful—for which the blood of our ancestors had been shed with such a profusion, might be recovered.

We enjoyed peace, had many enlightened Patriots at the helm, many who had known and were initiated by Wieling, Noodt, Barbeyrac, Bynkershoek, Voorda, van der Marck and van der Keessel¹; and it seemed to me that the interests of the House of Orange, if well understood, might effect a co-operation from that side. No doubt there were many virtuous and enlightened men amongst its warmest partisans. No constitutional barrier existed, encroachments had been made, it is true, but often without intention to enslave the country. The danger became evident of undefined power entrusted to individuals. The Union of Utrecht was in many respects imperfect, and had never been intended for a constitution. There had been a continued struggle between the

words to express my sorrow for this: in principall for that Letter. If I work a Whole Week shall not give out to look for it and am in hopes to find them."—MS. letter dated "Chatham near Middletown Conn., 3 June, 1779." In Trumbull papers, Connecticut Historical Society, Hartford. Unsigned, but undoubtedly written by Erkelens, a Dutch merchant established for some time in America.

¹ Jurists.

one, the few, and the many. The nation at large was at length excluded from any interference in public affairs except in Friesland, and nominally, in the cities of Guelderland. When no Stadtholder was at the head of the government, then a staunch aristocracy ruled, and curbed every symptom of innovation; this was particularly the case after the death of William III. in the beginning of the eighteenth century, when a few noblemen in Guelderland and Utrecht exerted themselves in vain to restore their fellow citizens to their ancient privileges, which had been first trodden under foot by the House of Austria. When in 1747-1748 the Stadtholderate was restored, the balance struck once more to that side. The nation was in the meantime happy, and called herself free, because the people were not vexed, because their property was held sacred, their personal safety unmolested, and justice impartially administered.

To ensure the happiness of this country, and place liberty on a less precarious, more solid basis, a regeneration was desirable, was unavoidable. The House of Orange might remain a blessing as the Executive; the nobles and patricians ought to continue to possess a legal counterpoise in their State Assemblies; but the nation at large ought to recover a real influence in the choice of their representatives. To resist encroachments, to reform abuses, to apply constitutional remedies, and to establish a regular reform was desired by many, was deemed desirable by many even of the Orange party, who only were

withholden by fear from the usual dangers of innovations. My friend Paulus had published his *Essay on the Usefulness of the Stadtholderate, as it Ought to Have Been*. He showed his extended views in his commentary on the Union of Utrecht. Van der Capellen the Lord of Pol raised his voice to break the galling chains of the yeomanry of Overysseel, in proposing the abolishing of the *corvées*,¹ exacted often with rigour by the High Dignitaries. Both urged me to step forward, and to be sure, I did not want the spur. I communicated my ideas to my friends, and encouraged by both, I published my *Observations on the Union of Utrecht*² in five letters to my friend P. Paulus, first without, but afterwards reprinted with my name. In these I discussed several of the most important points of the Union, as the military jurisdiction, the quotas of the different States, the right of arbitrage, &c., &c. Now the ice was broken, and I was encouraged on every side to proceed.

It was about this time that I aimed to accomplish a nearly Herculean task in my actual situation. I intended to collect all which was valuable among the archives of my country, as well as in the libraries of individuals. I perceived the forged chains which were to be riveted on the necks of my countrymen,

¹ *Drostendienst*. Legally abolished in 1631, compensated by money to the sheriffs, this still exacted from the peasants the services of two days' labour in the year, which were similar to the French *corvées*, though less severe.

² This work brought him the odium of the Stadtholder's party.

and deemed it a feasible thing to break these. I perceived their insensibility and indolence, and would rouse them to vigorous unrelenting action; I glowed with indignation when I became convinced that in the fetters prepared for the Americans, the slavery of my own country was a chief ingredient. I would enlighten my parishioners by the pure knowledge of genuine Gospel-truth, and annihilate the hierarchical power in the Church of Christ.

Neither the difficulties I had to struggle with, nor the obstacles I had to encounter, nor the threatening aspect of futurity could discourage me or slacken my endeavours. Here were the Barons Capellen van der Pol and der Marsch, there van Berckel, de Gyzelaer, Paulus, Luzac, emboldening me to proceed; while a du Pui,¹ a van der Marck,² a Vreede, a van Schelle,³ made a proffer of their aid, and numbers of the worthiest of the Stadtholder's friends procured me weapons of hardened steel to combat the monstrous hydra.

I published now with short intervals my *Letters on the Corvées in Overijssel*, a *Collection of Authentic Documents*, called *Fr. Johan Derk van der Capellen, Lord of the Pol, Member of the Equestrian Order in Overijssel, Regent*, a *Collection of Tracts Relative to the United States of North America* [chiefly letters of Governors Trumbull and Livingston], with a

¹ Probably the Walloon preacher Isaac du Puy, friend of van der Capellen.

² "My beloved and meritorious master."—V. d. K.

³ Pieter, 1749–1792. Left Holland in 1787, one of the Patriots.

preface on this new commonwealth, including a comparison between this and that of the United Provinces, under the signature of "Junius Brutus," dedicated to the United States, and a *Collection of State Papers* relating to the debated question of illimited convoys,¹ with a preface by "Junius Brutus Secundus Friso."²

The *Letters on the Corvées* were successful above my most sanguine expectations. The first inflamed those in power; the reward of two hundred dollars was offered by placard to discover the author or printer. The second, by which the first appeared flaccid, roused the inhabitants of Overijssel, who poured in their petitions from every side to request the States for the abolition of this ignominious slavery. The three capital cities—Kampen, Deventer, and Zwolle—with the Noble Drost Pallandt van Zuithem,³ stood forward in their defence. The

¹ *Unlimited Convoy*. The protection by the navy of merchantmen without regard to difference of lading. See Sillem.

"Van der Kemp is as magnanimous as capricious, his courage and calmness merit admiration and his patriotism also respect. I have most seriously asked of van Berckel protection for him. The unlimited convoy and the whole Patriot party owe more than is known to this clergyman, and so have I written van Berckel." (J. D. van der Capellen to R. J. van der Capellen, May 12, 1780. *Brieven*, p. 177.) And later he asked his kinsman Hooft for some position for van der Kemp "which is difficult to obtain because he has left our public church."

² "I have also translated into Dutch a sermon by a friend in England, *The American War Lamented*. Perhaps this renders my enemies an occasion to persecute me anew."—MS. letter to Adams. Leyden, November 26, 1781.

³ Adolph Werner van Pallandt, 1727–1803.

third and last *Letter* broke and humbled the spirit of the high-minded Lords, so that I openly and fearlessly stepped forward, and did see these shackles removed by a solemn statute.

This victory increased my vigorous exertions. I then prepared the history of Capellen's admission into the Equestrian Order in Overijssel, and brought in order my great *Magazine*, to attack and destroy that hideous monster of military jurisdiction. But these so many complicated engagements nearly overpowered me; they brought me to the brink of the grave; yet I emerged.

One Friday evening when returning from my literary club earlier than usual, a violent headache compelling me to retreat, I went to bed, passed a restless night, awoke with increased pain, which compelled me to go again to bed in the afternoon, giving orders to my servant to awake me at three in the morning, as my sermon was yet unfinished. I executed my task above my expectation, preached with an increasing headache from instant to instant, laid down as soon as I reached home, and was on Monday morning so much exhausted that writing three lines to my friend P. Vreede, they were illegible. My strength gradually diminished and I was reduced that day to a state of stupid lethargy; all my faculties were benumbed; pain had left me; time seemed not to exist. My physician was perplexed, and apprehensive that the vital powers were so far absorbed that I must ere long sink under it. What was remarkable, the moment I shut my eyes I

had a MS. leaf, then on the press, in my hand, read it till I arrived at an erasure, and then I awoke; this sensation continued a fortnight. My physician had ordered me the use of Peruvian bark, and recommended the country air. I was carried to the sea-coast, and received at my former residence with kindness, mingled with deep distress at my situation. Not one but despaired of my recovery. I took every hour a teaspoonful of bark in powder, made to a palatable conserve by syrup of roses. Within a fortnight after my arrival I began to revive, and moved through the room; my appetite returned; with this I joined sea bathing, increased my bodily exercise with my renewed devouring appetite, lessened gradually the use of the bark, and continued my exercises, amusing myself in the society of my surrounding friends, without so much as looking at a book, and within six weeks I returned in the full bloom of youth and muscular strength to Leyden, so that every one was astonished in witnessing this surprising recovery. Thus was my usefulness restored.

With renewed alacrity I doubled my former exertions, and devoted myself once more to accomplish that arduous and complicated task, of which I had chalked only the rough outlines. Voluntarily I took it on my shoulders, and was so generally successful that I had no reason to complain. One single production, a cutting philippic, entitled *A Laurel Wreath for a Few Nobles*—such a one as I here entwined round the head of Canaan's priest¹—

¹ A Wreath for the Rev. Dow.

I since regretted, as it could not effect any good purpose, but irritated and widened the breach. In the latter case it was the infliction of a well-deserved chastisement.

I had published an ode¹ in 1780 in praise of the opposition in Friesland. It was not mine; it was the work of the friend of my bosom [Peter Vreede],² who had then fled his country. A criminal prosecution was instituted against the printer; and the weakness of the man, who had undertaken the publication by his unlimited confidence in me, persuaded me to extricate him and charge myself with its responsibility. Could I have done else? Could I betray a friend whose happiness was in my power? No! You would have blushed at such a father. He was married, and had already two children, and an amiable and accomplished wife; I was alone and could weather the storm. A criminal prosecution was then instituted against me by the Promoter [Public Prosecutor] of the University, as one of its members, for the publication of an Ode, by which the government, principally that of Friesland, was

¹ *Lyric Poem*, dedicated to Messrs. Eysinga, Buma, and other members of the Council of Friesland. By E. H. J. Leyden, 1780. 8vo. "Van der Kemp published this through Herdingh, who was fined. Hereupon he made himself known as author, and won a remarkable lawsuit." See Sillem.

² The secret of the authorship is disclosed by van der Kemp in a note to his MS., *Memoirs on Copper*, as follows: "An ode was published January 1, 1780,—in praise of a few noblemen who voted for illimited convoys. Its author, P. Vreede, my dearest friend, was by his peculiar situation prevented from owning it. To cover him and save the editor [printer], I charged me with its responsibility."



accused and traduced, and on the 10th of April, 1780, I was summoned to appear before the Rector and Judges composing the High Academic Tribunal.

This was the second law-case of that nature during the existence of the Republic: the first was that of Mr. Adrian van der Mieden, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court.

It was evident, and even whispered pretty loudly, that the Ode was the pretext, and that the other publications, principally the *Collection of State Papers by Junius Brutus*, were the real object. All my friends—even the firmest—were alarmed: with one voice they urged me to leave the country. An asylum was offered me in Brussels; the protection of the French Cabinet was engaged in my behalf; even the undaunted van der Capellen, Lord of Pol, urged my departure, and entreated me to listen to the advice of disinterested friends. I would be a useless victim; the Ode, however well written, was not worth this sacrifice. Not one of the Patriotic lawyers dared to step forward in my defence, except my friend John Luzac. He advised me, if I had confidence enough in myself, to brave the criminal procedures, only awful in appearance to the guilty, to the weak and pusillanimous. If I trusted in myself, he would say, stand unmoved; weather the threatening storm, and you will dispel it. Another lawyer of the first eminence, and a declared partisan of the House of Orange, de Beveren van Zelder, engaged voluntarily to assist him: with such aid and a good cause what had I to fear? I bade

farewell to an amiable friend, Miss E. Goverts, who started that day for Hamburg, took with her a parting dish of chocolate, and went about twelve to the City Hall, where the court was assembled. The street was literally crowded, but all made place when I appeared with my counsellors: we were admitted into an adjoining room.

The criminal procedures at that time in Holland were more imposing than here: the Judges *in pontificalibus*, the counsel removed, the doors shut, and the prisoner left to his own ingenuity or innocence.

It was the first of May, about one, when I was warned by the beadle to appear before the august tribunal, consisting of eleven members besides their Secretary, viz.: the Rector Magnificus, four Professors, four Burgomasters, and two *Echevins*, and was examined, *stante pede*, from one to ten o'clock at night upon ninety-four interrogatories, some very intricate and ambiguously expressed.

I had made a favourable impression on the majority of the Judges; many exerting themselves, as I was afterwards informed by my friends, at every opposition I made against any inquisitorial proceeding which I deemed unlawful, with warmth in my favour, while I was absent; so that I could not be intimidated by the threats of the Promoter, and I boldly declined to answer at all as often as I was entitled by law to claim this privilege. I was finally dismissed under the solemn promise of re-appearance, *Sub pœna confessi et convicti*.

I recollected sixty-seven of the principal interrogat-

ories and answers, which I gave to my friend Luzac, and then, though late at night, sat down at an excellent supper of codfish on which we had intended to dine.

The 22nd of May was the day appointed for the continuation of the procedures, but the Promoter was not ready. A manly petition was presented by my counsellors, upon which the High Tribunal commanded the Promoter to prosecute, if he had any just cause, within a fortnight, and conclude the process within four weeks; or "that they in default of it, should declare it concluded, *leaving in this case to me all the further means to which I, by law and practice, was entitled.*"

The second examination was the 2nd of June, 1780, on forty-six articles; the third on the 12th of June on thirty-five articles. Then my counsel requested the conclusion, but another term of prolongation of four weeks was granted to the Promoter, who then applied to the Committee of State (Ge-committeerde Raeden), which transacts business during the adjournment of the States Assembly, to have his powers enlarged, so that he might continue his prosecution against me, as the presumed Junius Brutus; which address was sent by the Committee of State to the Academic Tribunal for their consideration and advice. Then the Promoter addressed himself by a new petition to the States of Holland, requesting more time to institute his prosecution, which was again sent to the Rector and Judges; when a masterly remonstrance, which was the

combined work of both Professors-at-Law Voorda and van der Keessel, was presented in my defence to the States of Holland by the Academic Tribunal. My counsel urged on the 25th of January, 1781, the termination of this vexatious procedure. This noble Tribunal addressed the Assembly of States once more in energetic language, expostulating with firmness that justice loudly claimed the termination of this process on the 9th of July, 1781, as the Promoter had obtained an unlimited *surcheance*. The secret plan was to leave me *sub reatu*. My counsel urged the injustice of a longer delay, in a petition the 15th of October, 1781; and then, as advised by the Academic Tribunal, I applied directly to the States in November, 1781; went in person to the Hague; appealed to the Great Pensionary and all the Delegates of the eighteen cities, claiming loudly for justice, either by absolution or condemnation.

Upon advice of the Secretary of the Senate, I appeared the 14th of January, 1782, before the High Tribunal, and urged my claims to a final issue; when that illustrious body addressed itself once more in my behalf on the 21st of January to the Legislature of the State, with that success that the States of Holland declared the *surcheance* removed and the process terminated, leaving to the Rector and Judges the lawful conclusion in open letters of the 25th of January. The Academic Senate summoned the Promoter to appear before it. He declared (Mr. van der Marck being the successor in office to Mr. P. Marcus) that he had no ground to

proceed, and so I was finally and solemnly acquitted on the 28th of January, 1782.

This vexatious procedure was, notwithstanding the obtained triumph, highly expensive; but here too gratitude requires the acknowledgment that it was reimbursed by my friend to a farthing, as soon as I informed him of the amount. It cost me besides, unavoidably, some unpleasant moments, but it could not damp my spirits. I lashed abuse of power, wherever I met with it, without mercy, even when threatened with incarceration. The week-minded stood aloof; many feared to accost me in public, but I gained more and more the favourable regards of the first men in the State, and obtained unequivocal proofs of approbation from zealous and honest men in the Orange party. They knew I was no tool; they knew my patriotism was pure, disinterested. Some of my parishioners meanwhile, and not the least valuable part, regretted that I embarked so deep in that political gulf.

I had published the whole legal process till its conclusion, with a preface and the Ode, to prove its innocence; and published now in 1782, to gratify my congregation, a volume of sermons, chiefly on the relative duties, which I dedicated to my late parishioners in Huyzen; then a sermon—*A Delineation of the Conduct of Israel and Rehoboam*, as a mirror for the Prince and the Nation—1 Kings xii., 3, 20,¹ which being three times delivered, and twice

¹ De Gyzelaer is said to have come from Dort to hear his friend preach this famous sermon.

printed, caused a great sensation, the more so as at the same time my noble friend had written a manly appeal *To the People of Netherland*, while I visited him at his country seat, and entrusted me with its publication and distribution. Seldom had use been made of bolder language; the alleged facts were stubborn, and truth appeared in all its awful solemnity. Its effect resembled an electric shock. It was literally spread through the principal cities as well as the country, and this in one single night; and although I had employed several individuals, and twenty-five hundred dollars was offered for the discovery, not one person betrayed his trust.

The history of this famous pamphlet, a masterpiece of its kind, is set forth by the Rev. A. Loosjes of Amsterdam in two pamphlets, giving minutely the course of his five years' investigation to other students of the subject.

No less than fifteen forms are known under which it has been printed, it has been several times translated, and many times transcribed. An anonymous note on the MS. copy in the Paris National Library states that "Professor Valckenaer said that Mr. Capellen de Pol made this work and that it was printed at Lingen, where Mr. van der Marck, then Pro-

fessor in that city, had presided over its publication." The pamphlet itself tells us that van der Marck was called to Lingen after his dismissal from Groningen at the instance of the Stadtholder, for alleged heterodoxy, but really for his liberal principles, though he was friendly to the House of Orange.

Mr. Loosjes's theory, that it was written by van der Capellen of Pol, he regards as finally proved by this statement of van der Kemp.¹

The anonymous author of this famous pamphlet, who so solemnly addresses his "Fellow Countrymen, . . . as in the presence of the All-Seeing God," traces the history of the Netherlands from the dawn of Batavian free government to his own day, down through the long years of continued encroachment upon the people's rights by even the best rulers, and ends in a bitter arraignment of William V. The final appeal *To the People of the Netherlands* is not only "to act before all be lost, to challenge the supine conduct of the

¹ Copied and sent him by the editor in 1890. See A. Loosjes, *Nog een en ander*, etc., p. 14, Amsterdam 1891.

war with England, to protect the liberty of the press, the only prop of our freedom," but even dares a more threatening key. "Let all be ready, every man with his musket, bayonet and side arms, let them follow the example of the people of America where not a drop of blood was shed till the English struck the first blow, and Jehovah will support our righteous cause."

Hotheaded as this may seem, the bold writer had carefully weighed every word as he sat in his old house at Appeltern with van der Kemp, nor failed to count the cost. "This letter will be proclaimed seditious and slanderous, rewards promised for information of writer or printer," and so it came to pass.

Adams wrote from Amsterdam, October 25, 1781 :

I see in the *London Courant*, which arrived to-day, an advertisement of a translation into English of the address to the people of Netherlands ; so that this work is likely to be translated into all languages, and read by all the world, notwithstanding the placards against it. I have before sent that of Utrecht.¹

¹ *Dip. Corres. Am. Rev.*, vol. iii., p. 492.

The States of Holland and West Friesland offered for discovery of author, writer, or printer one thousand gold ryders and promised protection, secrecy, pardon, and reward to any person turning state's evidence.

Any one printing, publishing, or circulating the same shall be under pain of perpetual banishment, and forfeit six thousand gulden, one third to go to the officer who makes the seizure, one third to the informer, and one third to the poor. . . . All printers, booksellers, and all to whom the *pamphlet* may be sent for sale, gift, distribution, lending, or reading are ordered to bring the same to the Magistrate, under pain of punishment.¹

But "not one person betrayed his trust," and van der Kemp was free to continue his work, as is shown by the following letter to Mr. Adams :

NYMEGEN, Ce 5 juin 1781

La lettre de Gouverneur Trumbull est sous la presse. J'ai fini la traduction des articles de la con-

¹ *N. Nederl. Jaarb.*, Oct., 1781.

"Such are the severe measures which this Government think themselves bound to take to suppress this libel. They will have, however, a contrary effect, and will make a pamphlet which otherwise perhaps would have been known in a small circle, familiar to all Europe. The press cannot be restrained; all attempts of that kind in France and Holland are every day found to be ineffectual."—Adams, *Dip. Corres.* Am. Rev., vol. iii., p. 493.

foederation des Etats Unis en 1778, comme aussi du sermon de Dr. Cooper et des *heads of enquiry with the answer to it, printed at Boston*, comme une piece relatif au lettre du Gouverneur. Un de mes amis traduit les autres pieces et harangues relatifs à la *constitution* de Massachusetts Bay, et apres mon retour a Leyde je donnerai toutes ces papiers au Public avec un preface, que j'écrirai dans l'air libre d'Appeltern. . . .

P. S. ce midi je pars a Appeltern chez le Baron van der Capellen, si votre excellence me fait l'honneur de faire reponse à cet lettre oserois-je demander de l'addresser a M. van der Capellen. Le Baron van der Capellen de Marsch a fait un male harangue, peut etre j'aurai l'occasion d'en donner un detail plus ample.

By November 26th he congratulates Adams on Yorktown, but fears that both the Barons van der Capellen will suffer for their glorious opposition to the Court measures.¹

The autobiography continues :

This and several other publications kept my moments of leisure employed; I had constantly two, sometimes three presses at my disposal.

Before the end of this year four large volumes in 8vo of my *Magazine of Authentic Documents on the Mili-*

¹ MS. letters.

tary Jurisdiction,¹ collected from the State Records in all the Provinces were completed. This momentous and interesting question had at length become an object of deliberation in the Legislative Assemblies of the States. The Court party seemed resolved not to obstruct the proceedings, with a view to gain popularity by this condescension. I sent the work as soon as it was printed, to the States of the different Provinces, humbly requesting their acceptance of documents of the highest importance in their present deliberations, and of which, as I informed the Grand Pensionary van Bleiswyck in a private audience, "many they did not possess, and could not procure; while several had been destroyed in the archives and restored by me to existence, to prevent hesitation in the decision of this great national question."

I was ere long informed by my particular friends in the States of Holland, that the Great Pensionary²

¹ There were in all eleven volumes.

This work, like others from his pen, is still of value. It established the contention of Capellen and the Democrats that military men should in both criminal and civil matters be judged by the ordinary tribunals save where the States General had indicated a military judge. —See Hartog, *Uit de Dagen*, p. 78.

² "M. van Bleiswick [Grand Pensionary of Holland] is a great scholar, linguist, natural philosopher, mathematician, and even physician; has great experience in public affairs, and is able and adroit enough in the conduct of them! but not having a temper bold and firm enough, or perhaps loving his ease too much, or not having ambition, or patriotism, or zeal, or health enough to assume a great and decided conduct, he is fallen in his reputation. They suspected him of duplicity, and in short, measures are prepared and brought into

declined to present these volumes in my name. I directly went to him and inquired how he justified his conduct. His pretexts were frivolous, and his last refuge that he did not deem it proper to present these books to the State in my name. I left him and waited a few weeks that he might deliberate, and then insisted peremptorily on his returning them; when I sent these to the city of Leyden, imploring their patriotic patronage in this momentous cause. I received the solemn thanks of the city by their Pensionary van Stavoren, with a present in books sumptuously bound, viz. Fr. van Mieris's *Charter Book*, and the *Description of Leyden* by Mieris and D. van Alphen; and ere long, yet more gratifying, from the States of Groningen and Friesland, by their Secretary of State; while the States in Utrecht contented themselves to make a present in money to the printer's servants. In Guelderland the Burggraef van Lynden¹ prevented its becoming an object of the State deliberations. "No individual was entitled to such a distinguished privilege." He bereft me indeed of a high gratification, but it was not in his power to stop the proceedings. Not one dared to step forward as the advocate for this arbitrary tribunal. Before the end of the year four other volumes were completed, and these crowned by the success, that the High Tribunal of Military the States of Holland without his consent or previous knowledge, and there carried; a thing unknown until these days."—Adams, Sept. 4, 1782, *Dip. Corres. Am. Rev.*, vol. iii., p. 636.

¹ Probably William, who was in great favour at Court, governor of the prince's sons, and made Burggraef of Nymegen.

Jurisdiction was solemnly annulled throughout all the Provinces, and sanctioned by the States General, and his Highness the Prince Stadtholder. I then gave a Supplement of three volumes as lasting monuments and warnings to posterity, how usurpation, slowly creeping forward, at length takes hold with a thousand roots, not to be eradicated without a great struggle.

I now seriously contemplated to form a more lasting connection in life, and succeeded in obtaining the heart and hand of your dear mother, 20th of May, 1782. She was the daughter of the Honourable Jacob Vos, Burgomaster of the city of Nymegen, and Lady Cuneira Beekman, the last sprig of that noble lineage, of whose ancestors William Beekman—her grandfather's brother—emigrated to New Amsterdam in 1646, where he soon was appointed Governor on the South River. Her mother reluctantly consented. I was already too well known. She more favourably inclined with her son, then Burgomaster at Nymegen, to the Stadtholder's cause, her husband having stood as the Prince's godfather in the name of the States of Guelderland. But I carried the prize notwithstanding, *haut à la main*, and conquered ere long the good-will of all.

When I returned to Leyden I published *Five Sermons on Solemn Days* during the last war with England, exerting about that period every nerve to organize a solid system of reforming the remaining abuses, and restore the ancient privileges which our forefathers had enjoyed even under Charles V.

In 1783, three days after your birth, I received a solemn invitation to a splendid dinner from the mercantile interest at Amsterdam, to celebrate the American Independence, the abolished *Corvées* in Overijssel, and the re-establishment of Baron van der Capellen of Pol in the Equestrian Order (readmitted to the Council Hall of Overijssel Nov. 1, 1782) and of Fr. van Berckel, as Pensionary of that city.

This was a magnificent banquet at the New Doelen, in the Garnalen Market at Amsterdam. A gold medal bearing the emblems of their freedom was given by the grateful farmers to the Baron, and each of the guests received one in silver from the same die.

Though till van der Kemp's last days Capellen's name was ever on his lips, in his memoirs he now mentions it almost for the last time, and the story of his later life may best be told here.

Baron van der Capellen is said by a Hollander of our own time to have been personally attractive and sympathetic, a man of dignity and presence, whose face was full of candour and honesty,—“a Democrat who sought to keep clean hands”—“too much of an

aristocrat to be a demagogue"—and without ambitions for himself.

While in the opinion of his contemporaries no correct likeness was known of him, there remain numbers of engraved portraits, such as the one brought to America by van der Kemp. Many of them are adorned by such emblems as a broken yoke, a parted chain, which denote his success in freeing the Overysseel farmers of the last burden of feudal rule, the *Corvées* or *Drostendienst*. Its abrogation was first demanded by him in a speech in April, 1778, which has its chief interest for us as giving his doctrine of human rights. This, taken with his support of the American cause three years before, now brought about his "unjust expulsion from his seat in the States of Overysseel the following October.

My first entrance into public life—he wrote to his American correspondents—exacted utter renunciation of wealth. This I had decided I could do without. A few years of retirement in the country, joined to a little philosophy, had weaned me from the love of dignities and the favour of the great. A rigid economy, a very simple way of living, no stables,

no kennels, few servants, assured my independence. Having partly foreseen the trials inevitable from such an enterprise I bore them in patience, always hoping that in the end I might be useful to my country.—Formerly I had the happiness to lead a quiet, obscure and private life, but for the last six years I have experienced all the bitterness of public contests—an unexampled opposition without the least help of a living soul.—I am now excluded from all share in the government; the efforts which I am still making to be restored to it arise only from a sense of duty.—Longing to retire, being now nearly forty, old beyond my years, from ill-health, application to business, and trouble, . . . the only wish I form is to do this in happy America.—But this an aged father, a wife, and the education of an only child forbid.

“All the details concerning my expulsion have been collected,” he continued, “under the title of *Capellen Regent* by an unknown friend.” This friend was soon to be recognised as van der Kemp, one of the few who agreed with him that it was now or never with the friends of freedom in the Netherlands.

Capellen had published in 1777 a Dutch translation of Dr. Price’s *Observations on Civil and Religious Liberty and the Justice of the*

War with America, with a preface of his own, which is regarded as his political creed.

The battle was now joined, and there were few men even in the province of Holland who dared so openly as he to lead the opposition against what he believed the Stadtholder's undue power, and in favour of the American cause. His doctrines gained ground, he became well and widely known, and more and more in the many pamphlets of the time was he made the model of a patriot. Perhaps in deference to his suggestion in a letter to Governor Livingston of New Jersey,¹ that the United States should send as soon as possible a suitable representative to Holland, Adams arrived in Amsterdam in August, 1780, entering the country, he said, "a forlorn pilgrim without a letter of introduction to anybody." On September 19th he received his provisional commission to negotiate a loan and at once set about discharging this duty.²

¹ *Brieven*, p. 115.

² Mr. Adams arrived in Paris on February 9th, 1780.—"There seeming no prospect that Great Britain would soon be inclined to peace," for the negotiation of which he had been sent out as pleni-

Capellen had little money to invest ; he had sacrificed the brilliant opportunity for making a fortune offered by his relations with the Court in order to preserve his independence of its favours. But he wrote on the 16th of October to ask the terms of the loan, to offer his services in his little sphere, and to recommend "*mon intime van der Kemp*, a man of learning, integrity and courage."

potentiary, and "having no special reasons for remaining at the French Court, he made a tour to Holland in the beginning of August, leaving his secretary, Mr. Dana, at Paris.

" Meantime Congress had assigned him another duty. Mr. Henry Laurens had been appointed, as early as November, 1779, to negotiate a loan of ten millions abroad, but having been prevented by various causes from departing on this service, Congress, on the 20th of June following, authorized Mr. Adams to engage in the undertaking, and prosecute it till Mr. Laurens, or some other person in his stead, should arrive in Europe. This commission reached Paris four weeks after he had left that city, and Mr. Dana proceeded with it to Holland. Efforts were immediately made to procure a loan in that country, which were for a long time ineffectual, but which at last succeeded."—*Dip. Corres. Am. Rev.*, vol. ii., p. 535.

" Till this moment you were unacquainted that I was compelled to revere the man [John Adams] before I was honoured with the Ambassador's personal acquaintance. Van der Capellen of Pol, my confidential friend, inspired me with an irresistible desire to see and know that man on whom he bestowed with profusion his enthusiastic encomiums. Do you remember a dinner at John de Neufville's, and a warm altercation between you and that nobleman, and its noble issue? . . . It secured you the affectionate esteem of that worthy man, and contributed to crown your arduous negotiations in the most difficult and delicate period with a successful . . . for America

1000

1000

1000

Facsimile of Invitation from John Adams.
Original owned by Pennsylvania Historical Society.

Mr Adams's Compliments to Mr Van der Kemp
and asks the favour of his Company this Evening
at the golden Lyon, to spend the Evening and
Sup with a chosen few of honest Americans.

Tuesday. 17 April. 1781

Accordingly Mr. Adams's journal records that on February 24, 1781: "At Leyden I have met Mr. van der Kemp."¹

By December, 1780, some family inheritance enabled Capellen to invest 10,000 florins in American bonds, through Horneca & Fizeaux.² This loan amounted to only 51,000 florins, for before the recognition only "mad"

. . . entirely beneficial issue. . . . Early acquainted with American worthies, I undertook the apology of the American cause, enquiring every particular about Washington, Adams and others, . . . while van der Capellen, J. Luzac and I mutually communicated to each other what we believed to have issued from original sources, and we regarded you as conspicuous, just and independent."—To Adams, MS. letter, June 20, 1801.

"Your favour of the 20 of June has been long on its Journey. I cannot recollect, in detail, the particulars of the Conversation you allude to at Mr De Neuville's.—Capellen de Poll was a noble man by Nature. A frank, manly, generous soul. Wherever I have met such spirits I have always felt them. Capellen was frequently puzzled with the Reports fabricated by the Anglomans, representing the affairs of America to be, in a desperate situation. I recollect some Instances, when he seemed to be in a state of despondency. Upon these occasions I made very light of his fears, contradicted the facts he had heard and denied the Inferences he drew; which sometimes brought on spirited Arguments between Us, but never any coolness. Time always justified me and confuted him, and he was always ready to acknowledge when he was convinced."—Adams to v. d. K., MS. letter, Quincy, July 13, 1801. Penna. Hist. Soc.

¹ "He was then minister of the Mennonist congregation, the richest in Europe, in that city where he was celebrated as the most elegant writer in the Dutch language."—Adams to Jefferson, *Life and Letters*, vol. x., p. 224.

² Bayley's *National Loans of the United States* does not mention

friends of America, like John Luzac¹ and the Capellens, would so risk their money; even Capellen of Marsch hesitated till convinced by

this Fizeaux loan, but gives the loan of 1782 as the first Holland loan. See p. 15.

Bolles's *Financial History of the United States*, p. 355, says that "the Fizeaux loan of 51,000 florins became due Jan. 1, 1788."

¹ This was John Luzac,* the great scholar and lawyer, Professor of History and Greek Literature at Leyden, editor of the *Leyden Gazette*, who was one of the most useful friends in Holland to Mr. Adams.† He "became naturally acquainted with the family of the Luzacs, in Leyden, whose gazette has been very useful to our cause, and who are excellent people. M. John Luzac drew up the two petitions of Leyden to their Regency."‡

"He is one of the sound hearts and choice spirits, that I most loved and esteemed in this World. . . . My Wife, My Daughter and my two sons all knew him and revered him. He is a large Portion of the salt of the Earth, and if it were not for a few such Lotts, it seems to me, the whole Sodom must soon be burn'd up. . . . I shall never forget the Evenings I spent with him, with his Father and Unkle, one of four score and the other near it. These venerable sages entertained me with the Controversies in your Country between the Maritime Provinces and the Inland; between Navy and Army. They told me of Addresses to the Prince of orange in their youth in which the speaker pronounced the Words 'Ships! Ships! Schippen! Schippen! forgive me if I have forgotten the Dutch Word.

"I have always cried 'Ships! Ships!' Hamiltons Hobby Horse was Troops! Troops!" |

In March, 1807, came the tidings in a letter from Mr. Adams of

* For Biographical Notice from the *Journal de l'Empire*, see *Monthly Anthology* for October, 1809.

† Adams's *Life and Letters*, vol. i., p. 330.

‡ *Dip. Corres. Am. Rev.*, vol. iii., p. 640.

| Adams to v. d. K., MSS. letters, 1806-1807-1808. Penna. Hist. Soc.



Mr. U

the letters of Trumbull and Livingston, translated, published, and circulated in 1779 by van der Kemp and Capellen of Pol, who in January, 1782, again invested 16,000 gulden,

the death of Luzac in the great gunpowder explosion at Leyden, which happened between the houses where van der Kemp and his sister lived. "A sister-in-law, niece and cousin, our best and oldest friends, two families of Luzac, two, perhaps three, of La Pole, that of de Gyzelaer, and of Vreede the friend of my bosom, resided there. In the evening I communicated the event to Mrs. van der Kemp, Luzac had been her friend long before she knew me, a friend for more than forty years, a friend to her when I was in confinement.

"He honoured me with his confidence and his intimate friendship, and I will pay him a part of my gratitude, the last offering perhaps which I may bring to the altar of my friendship, although it may never meet the public eye. Among the first of the citizens when their liberties were assailed, to brave the impending danger, he often weathered the storm alone. Not popular clamor, nor lures of the court, nor the threats of a misguided prince could make him swerve a hair's breadth from the path of duty. Above fear and hope he stood at his post without reward. —A staunch Republican but a devout lover of order.—An admirer of the British institutions, an adept in the science of well-balanced government, he did not believe that the wise and good tho' in affluent circumstances were therefore the worst to be entrusted with the care of our lives and property—and laughed at the Jacobin millennium. So stood he till the Revolution of 1795, when a popular Assembly poisoned with the French spirit, robbed him and his brother of their property, and he was driven from his chair of the Greek language, and of Dutch History, for teaching his students their duties as men and citizens. Scorning to 'receive unearned his country's money,' he declined to accept a pension of 2000 guilders a year, offered later in 1798.

"A tender father, an ardent friend, a sincere Christian, death could not surprise him unprepared.*"

*v. d. K. Note in MS. "Use of Copper," Buffalo Hist. Soc.

besides going about in person to urge subscriptions.

The capture of Henry Laurens on his way to the Netherlands involved the finding of his papers, which roused the wrath of England. The cause of the United States was thrown into "extremest disfavour" in Holland, and the discovery of Capellen's American correspondence seemed to cut off the last chance of his restoration. He took refuge for a time in Amsterdam, and even contemplated leaving a country "where land is fast losing its value, and the Republic is at its end." Pol, Appletern, and most of his other properties — he had little but real estate — were for sale.

Yet he encouraged Adams, who "was avoided like a pestilence." "Frequenting all classes as I do I know that three-fourths of the people are friendly to America ; the court party alone will never be won. Do not discourage your chiefs — send often *petits paquebots* with true information to check the British tales,¹ wait,

¹ Every extravagant lie was circulated to damage the cause, "it has never suffered from anything more than from the failure of giving and receiving intelligence."—Adams's *Life and Letters*, vol. vii., p. 245.

45 Capital ten laste der Vereenigde Staaten Van Noord-Amerika
 groot 10000 gulden's Hollands, verdeeld in 10 Obligatiën
 elk van duizend gulden's. Rente 5 ten hondert. Verschijnt
 den eersten Januarij, 4c ontfangen by de Heeren Horneca Trema
 & Comp: te Amsterdam. Wordt op primo Januarij 1700 af-
 gelooft. De Nummers dier 10 Obligatiën o. 2 Promesses gaen van N^o 42 A. tot
 N^o 51 A. Beide inclus: En is voor de 10 Promesses niet meer belaeid dan
 de Somme van 900. gulden's.

Het jaar rente verschieuen 1 ^o Janu: 1700. voldaan met	500.
Het jaar rente verschieuen 1 ^o Janu: 1701 voldaan met	500.
ditto verschieuen 1 ^o Januarij 1702 voldaan met	500.
ditto	500.
ditto	500.
ditto	500.
Totaal	500
4. 10	1786
	1780

take men as they are, seize the auspicious moment ; light may come from darkness sooner than we think." He was a true prophet. The reaction against the Orange party soon commenced, and "in consonance with the suggestions of leading Patriots, especially the bold van der Capellen," Adams now requested from the chief officers and the deputies of each city in the States General a categorical answer to his *Memorial* of 1780, asking for the recognition of the United States. The country sustained the measure, through many petitions from the towns stimulated by Capellen ; on April 19th, the States General acknowledged Adams as Envoy, and on the 22nd his reception by the Stadtholder sealed a success "at the most difficult Embassy in Europe" which he always regarded as the greatest of his life.¹

The success of his financial mission soon followed : "Through the activity of three houses, Messrs. Willink, van Staphorst, and de la Lande & Fynje, a sum of five millions of

¹ "Last Friday, the fifth [April, 1782], the States of Overijssel voted to recognize Adams as Minister. Kindly give van der Kemp that news with heartiest compliments." Capellen of Pol.—*Brieven*.

guilders was obtained, at a moment when it was of essential service in maintaining the overstrained credit of the United States.

“Nor yet did this beneficial interposition of Holland stop with the first loan. When America, at the close of seven years of war, was exhausted and gasping for breath, the funds which she was enabled, for a time, to draw from this source were most opportune to keep her from sinking altogether. France, to whom alone she had been able to look for aid in the early stages of the contest, was beginning to give signs of the distress which resulted so deplorably afterwards. From the date of the first successful loan until Mr. Adams returned to America, in 1788, he kept up his relations with the bankers of Amsterdam, and through them succeeded in procuring successive advances, which carried his country safely over the interval of disorder previous to the consolidation of the federal government. This great step, once taken, soon rendered further assistance unnecessary. The people began to gather up their resources, and to pour, almost



without an effort, into the coffers of the treasury sufficient sums to pay their Dutch friends an ample compensation for the confidence they had been willing to extend in their hour of need. And in witnessing this process, no one enjoyed a more unmingled satisfaction than Mr. Adams. To him who had done so much to persuade the Dutchmen to trust the honour of his countrymen, the sense that these had redeemed all the pledges he ventured to give for them was even more gratifying to his pride than if he had been acquitting a personal obligation of his own."¹

"The Dutch really deserve the affection, even the gratitude of America," wrote Capellen to Trumbull, "as it is here the people who have forced the government to declare her independence and conclude the alliance." Thus "with generous sympathy the aged commonwealth saluted the rising Republic of the West," and Adams "thanked God that He has enabled me to plant the standard of the United States at the Hague, where it will

¹ Adams's *Life and Letters*, vol. i., p. 351. (See Appendix A.)

wave for ever. I am now satisfied and dread nothing."¹

You desire to know the popular leaders I have formed acquaintance with. The two noblemen, the Baron van der Capellen de Pol of Overijssel, and the Baron van der Capellen of Marsch of Gelderland I have formed an acquaintance with: the former very early after my arrival. I have had frequent and intimate conversations with him, and he has been of the utmost service to our cause. His unhappy situation and unjust expulsion from his seat in government, the opposition of the Court and of his colleagues in the regency make it delicate to write freely concerning this nobleman. He has an independent fortune though not called rich in this country. His parts and learning are equal to any—his zeal and activity superior. I dare not say in what a multitude of ways he has served us; posterity will perhaps know them all.²

"How I have got through my troubles I know not," wrote Capellen in May, 1782, and

¹ "Whatever you may think; I know, that, if ever my name deserved to be mentioned, from my Birth, on the 19th of October 1775 to this 29th of May 1814; it ought to have been noted in Holland in 1780, or 1781 or 1782, for this Period was the most important of my whole Life, excepting one; and that was the impeachment of the Judges in Massachusetts."—Adams to v. d. K., MS. letter, May 29, 1814. Penna. Hist. Soc.

² Adams to Livingston, *Life and Letters*, vol. vii., pp. 621-2.

he expected many more. But at last, as the autumn approached, owing to the turn in affairs which had so favoured the American cause, it was no longer safe, said Adams, to disregard the popular demand for the Baron's restoration. The States of Overijssel yielded, and recalled him without conditions as he would submit to none.

When formally apprised of the vote, and requested to appear in the Land Tag, then assembled in the Stadhuis of Zwolle, Capellen quietly sent word that, as it was about to adjourn, he would not take his seat until the next session. The invitation, however, was at once repeated, Baron van Bentinck Werkeren, his wife's brother, being deputed to conduct him to the Assembly.

Without further delay they passed from the house of the Secretary of Zwolle, through a lane, and thus avoiding the streets crowded with his friends, quietly gained the Hall.¹

As once again he crossed the threshold of

¹ Now (1896) the Stadhuis, or "Bureaux van het provinciaal Bestuur van Overijssel." In the library are many contemporary publications regarding Baron van der Capellen.

that beautiful room where every third year the States of Overijssel met, bearing with him the laurels of his three-fold toils for the recognition of the United States, the abrogation of the *Corvées*, and the better security for the rights of all regents involved in his own restoration, he was yet outwardly unmoved. Silently he bowed to the Assembly, silently again he bowed to the presiding officer's welcome, and then with the other members, many of whom had been unable to hide their emotion, went from the *Stadhuis* by the main door to the *Sassenstraat*, thronged with exulting citizens who blessed their Father, henceforth to live for them.¹

"It seems to me a dream," he wrote Trumbull, "an illusion, to see illuminations on my account, and to hear along the streets a *vivat Capellen*, instead of a *vivat Oranje*."

Those persons who wish to lend us money, wrote Adams, and are able to lend us any considerable sum are the Patriots who are willing to risk the resentment of the British and the Stadtholder for the sake

¹ Van der Kemp. The full details, parliamentary and otherwise, are given in his *Capellen Regent*.

of extending the commerce, strengthening the political interest and preserving the liberties of their country.

While Capellen was too conscientious not to seek these advantages for his people as a duty, his delight seems to have been to break his lances for those new doctrines of human rights for which, like van der Kemp, and, as van der Kemp would have us believe, many another, was willing to sacrifice everything. So also in matters of faith. Personally "a conscientious believer according to the doctrines of the Synod of Dort," he was liberal towards those who differed, and in his political career always stood for complete religious freedom.

His objects were the same as van der Kemp's, and like him, and most of their party, he sought them only by strictly constitutional steps.

In the judgment of a Hollander of our own time, Capellen's master motive was to fill a sphere of activity useful and conformable to his situation. He was undoubtedly regarded as a great man. He was the first who tried to give the Patriot party a national organisation,

he honestly believed in his reforms, and however his policy as to France may be criticised, it is conceded to have been prompted by the purest patriotism. Of its influence on American affairs, Mr. Adams wrote to van der Kemp years after, that the separation of the Dutch

from England, Union with France and Spain and their Treaty with us was the event which ultimately turned the scale of the American Revolutionary War and produced the Peace of 1783. But the truth is, that neither France, nor England, nor the friends of France or England in America would even acknowledge it to be of any weight, And consequently it has fallen into total oblivion—But in some future day it may be thought of more importance.¹

Eighteen months only of life now remained to Baron Johan Derk. Reckless of increasing ill health, far from strong, the more he was drawn into politics the less he regarded fatigue. His correspondence grew, he made frequent trips to Holland and other of the Provinces in all weathers and usually on horseback, besides

¹ January 3, 1823, MS. letter, Penna. Hist. Soc.

constantly making addresses, all for the Patriot cause, and still was he "contraband with all attached to the Court."

After the death in 1780 of his father, who bequeathed him only "lands lying here and there, all neglected to the greatest degree," Capellen had lived chiefly at Appletern, a property inherited from his mother, "a large manor-house embosomed in tall thickets near its village, whose lords were early famous in the Gelder Wars," though in 1783 and 1784 his public duties must have called him to Zwolle or Deventer or Kampen whenever the States of Overijssel met.

In May, 1784, he was with his wife and daughter at the house of his kinsman, friend, and Baron Pallandt van Zuithem in Zwolle. Here the last letter of his immense correspondence was written from his bed, giving in excuse for its tardiness a pathetic account of his sufferings, after which he discusses the public matters still so near his heart. One week later he sank under a sudden rheumatic attack, "expiring calmly on the 6th of June, with a smile,

encouraging and consoling his friends to the end." He was buried in the family vault in the church at Gorsel.¹ Shortly after, however, his widow with Baron van der Capellen of Marsch and his brothers, being opposed, as he was, to intra-mural interment, built a new family vault in the open field near the village. Here they now laid his remains, and hither within a year his wife was brought to rest beside him.

In the autumn of 1787, however, Count van Rechteren Westerveld, who had married their only child, removed the bodies, and, it was said, to the ancestral grave in the church itself, for unknown and hostile hands had already mutilated the escutcheon on the wall enclosing the new burial-place, though for a time it was protected from further outrage by a detail of cavalry.

¹ Gorsel is easily reached by carriage from Zutphen. The road passes a cemetery, enclosed and locked, on the left, before entering the little hamlet, which embraces a few houses, a substantial school-house, a pretty inn—*De Roskam*—under a wide-spreading tree, and the church. This is very small, and Protestant in every line and tint of its simple interior. On the wall, over the corner pew, to the right of the little pulpit with steps and sounding-board, is the monument of the van der Capellen family.

On the night of August 7, 1788, the birthday of the Princess of Orange, and the eve of the day on which Baron van der Capellen of Marsch was sentenced to death, the whole structure was blown with gunpowder to the four winds of heaven.

To-day the stranger who asks in Gorsel for the tomb of Baron van der Capellen of Pol is led to the tiny church, and is shown a marble on the wall. It has a long inscription to certain members of the family of another line, the latest date 1786, but no word on its wide blank spaces of the bold liberal who helped the struggling American colonies.

If here indeed he lies, the genius of America might well take up her style, and fill the silent tablet with a tribute to his name.

The Patriot movement is said "to have aided the disintegration of the old Republic and to have produced nothing stable, and to have been speedily forgotten," possibly because it has also been forgotten that popular representation, no military usurpation of civil authority, and the freedom of the press won

are matters of course, instead of being the watchwords of a perilous cause, to which the Patriot Regents solemnly pledged their lives and fortunes.¹

Had Baron van der Capellen lived as long as did van der Kemp he would have seen the demonstration of his theory of law and order resting on the authority of the people, in the new and wonderful political fabric which he and his party had aided to found beyond the Atlantic. And he would have rejoiced as did van der Kemp and Mappa in 1814, when with "tears of joy and gratitude" they received in their American home the news of the independence of the Netherlands and the announcement of the new Dutch government, although it was with the person of a king. This was not, as has been assumed, because they had come to a different mind, but because with William I. was granted a constitution which brought in its train liberty greater than that of which the most ardent Patriots had ever dreamed.²

¹ See "Acte de Confederation entre un grand nombre de Régens-patriots." *Mémoires*, R. J. van der Capellen.

² Sillem.

III.

GOWN AND SWORD.

IN his ministry at Leyden van der Kemp, it is said, remarked that he sought to make not only good Christians, but good citizens; be that as it may, his sermons dealt much with politics. Believing with all the Patriots that the danger of a standing army could be best averted by the existence of an armed citizen force or militia, according to the eighth article of the Union of Utrecht (the point of departure of their party, which considered its neglect a great national calamity), he aided to form and maintain at Leyden the Society of Manual Exercise for Freedom and Fatherland, one of the many militia companies springing up throughout the country. It is said that, once his morning service finished, his habit was immediately to place himself in uniform

at the head of the Schuttery. To the censure which followed he was indifferent, but when the Council of the city refused to support a petition for various redresses headed by him and signed by three hundred and eleven other burghers, he offered his resignation to the Society, stating also in a published letter that "he is no longer of use, and that his duties as husband and father oblige him to leave all else, and confine the circle of his activity to that of his family and friends."

Having, however, received the permission of the people of his congregation to leave Leyden for a time to settle the estate of a relative, he came no more. In vain they hoped he would again take up his pastoral staff, but he headed a *Vry corps* at Wyk to Duurstede, and from now on was simply a *Vry-corpist*.¹

"Alternately cursed and blessed, mocked and praised, enigmatical like many men in that time of perplexity, he was to play a not unimportant part in this revolution which made an end of the old commonwealth and was to

¹ *Vry corps*. A sort of voluntary army, recruited among the Patriots and sustained by them. See De Witt.

prepare a new order." In spite of his resolve he had returned to public life, and now was regarded as a leader of the opposition in the city of Wyk, which since September, 1783, had been very restive. Van der Kemp commanded its corps of green *jagers*, and though the Utrecht government ordered it disbanded, the members one and all voted to continue to serve under him.

The autobiography continues :

Not long after I accepted the invitation to a dinner from Commodore Gillon, and accompanied by Dr. Roeland de Kruyst went to Amsterdam once more, and made my first step on an American bottom, the *South Carolina*, on the Y, where the Commodore welcomed us.

I supplied now occasionally the *Political Carrier*, the *Post of the Lower Rhine*, and *L'Observateur Français* with different articles, which too often wanted only the name to prove by whom they were written.

In 1785 the editor of the *Political Carrier* being criminally prosecuted and imprisoned, I raised my voice in his defence in a letter printed in the *Post of the Lower Rhine*. I regretted that H. Calkoen, an eminent civilian, whom I respected, had been lured to defend the prosecution. He felt himself

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hurt, although I had exerted myself to avoid asperity, but he was engaged for once in a bad cause. He replied with some acrimony in several letters. I answered; R. Schimmelpenninck,¹ then a student at law, supported me; and Mr. J. C. Hespe² was acquitted and enlarged, and wrote then with greater ease and more liberty than ever before.

Now I published the *History of the Admission of Johan Derk, Baron van der Capellen of Pol, into the Equestrian Order of Overijssel*; after a short interval of time, a *Defence of Colonel Alexander Baron van der Capellen*, formerly Chamberlain of his Highness the Prince of Orange; and lastly, with P. Vreede and P. van Schelle, *Catalogue raisonné des Tableaux* of the persons and distinguished partisans of the House of Orange, in answer to one given by the Court party to delineate the leaders of the Patriot party; while in the same view, at the same time, another answer appeared from the united labours of Messrs. Turck and Spaen, both Judges of the Supreme Court, assisted by my friend P. Paulus, without any previous concert. In this manner, always hurrying forward with a firm and deliberate step, I approached the end of my literary career; but was day by day deeper entangled in the political labyrinth, till at length it became utterly impossible to extricate myself if I had been willing. Once I tried it in earnest, but in vain.

¹ Rutger Jan. Later one of the most distinguished men of Holland. Died, 1825.

² Jan Christiaan Hespe, an Amsterdam lawyer who was a Patriot, and edited the *Politieke Kruijer*.

Our militia was organized ; we, literally three individuals only at the beginning, formed the plan and executed it, viz.: P. Vreede and Ph. Jur. Ondaetje¹ of Utrecht, and myself. Soon Gordon² joined his efforts to ours ; our friend Mappa promoted the same plan at Delft, and organized soon an excellent corps by his superior military knowledge, as he afterwards disciplined the small army which he commanded as chief.

I was associated with nearly every corps in any manner distinguished. Utrecht was thoroughly revolutionized ; but it was a revolution constitutionally begun and finished without a shadow of disorder, without injuring any individual's property, without spilling one single drop of blood. In the city of Wyk,³ as Calkoen sneeringly expressed it, " Nothing was done, or all was done, van der Kemp *unico consule*." Many of my best friends lamented that I went too far ; I that they fell short. " Never by halves " was my motto ; and I did not even suspect that anything feasible was impossible, if we sincerely exerted our whole strength for its execution. I was opposed. I hated the British influence then so predominant at the Court, but could not bear that of

¹ Probably Pieter Philip Jurian Quint Ondaatje. See De Witt, p. xxiii.

² Otto Derck, Colonel of the *Pro Patria* Club at Utrecht, and Captain-Lieutenant of the Cross Bow Company. He became well known in 1784 as a Patriot, and at the turn of affairs had to suffer, and his property was confiscated. His subsequent career is unknown.

³ "1785, Aug. 1. I was unanimously elected Captain of the Provincial Drilled Society *Pro Pace et Bello* of Wyk near Duurstede."

France. I knew and prognosticated that they would betray us, notwithstanding La Vauguyon's¹ assurances and Mont-Morin's² promises; I warned my friends in time, but Cassandra's voice was raised in vain. The cause was, they were worthy men, mistrusted a fickle populace and many of its unprincipled leaders: they wished to humiliate the Stadtholder, but declined, and were really averse to give better pledges for our own privileges and rights than their good faith. I left them, to appearance without regret, but lamented in my soul that fatal schism; I joined openly the Democratic party prevailing in Utrecht, yet hoping, though it was hope's glimmer in the socket, to save the whole by a timely reconciliation of all the dissenting parts.

[LEYDEN, December, 1785.

So soon as I can persuade my wife to leave this place, I shall have the honour to ask for letters to America, though I fear that political affairs will not permit me so long a sojourn in this country, if I survive the hope of re-establishing liberty.

October 31, 1786.

For four years the state of this Republic compared with the United States has made me wish to change my dwelling, and the persuasion of the impossibility of supporting myself in America without property has prevented, though this would not have hindered

¹ French Ambassador at the Hague.

² Montmorin Saint Herem, Armand Marc, Comte de. Succeeded Vergennes as French Minister for Foreign Affairs.

my *retraite* had either the Stadtholder or the aristocrats dealt the fatal blow to liberty. My fortune is now bettered, I hope it would suffice to support my wife and children in Europe. Could I live honestly, with ease, dignity, and reputation, on a property of 16,000 or 17,000 florins, or 700 or 800 florins a year, in America? If this income will suffice, other families will follow, and this hope will encourage my dear wife. I prefer the country as cheaper, and hope to persuade my wife to go, to be happy in a free country, and to find there fairer fortune for her children. I would sell furniture, library, property, *immobile*, so as to embark in May or June, 1787.

Things turn badly here, we have already arranged our domestic affairs in these two cities [Utrecht and Wyk], but to what purpose, since we are always in the same peril, the Provincial grievances still unredressed, and the troops whom we must watch night and day continue *cantonnés dans le plat pays*.¹]

I knew that de Gyzelaer, van Berckel, Luzac, and Cau² ever remained my ardent and sincere friends

¹ v. d. K. to Adams, MS. letters. From the original French.

² Jan Jacob Cau of Stellendam—born 1750—lived at his country-place, "the house of Ter Horst" near Voorschoten, not far from Leyden, where he had taken the degree of Doctor of Laws, though he did not practise the profession. He was devoted to the Patriot cause, and was in 1786 a member of the Committee of Defence. In 1787 he sought to promote the negotiations at Paris, but later withdrew from all political activity. He was an upright, candid, and charitable man. He seems never to have forgotten his old friend van der Kemp, who often mentions him in later years. He died at Ter Horst in 1836.

and were not scared at the mob, wherever it stood. Ere long the scabbard was thrown away; the first blow was intended by the Stadtholder, and received by him, and severely felt. A compromise was proposed by a deputation from the States of Groningen and Overijssel; I was sent as a delegate from Wyk to this congress. We consented to abstain from hostilities, neither to make use of the inundations—the only terrible weapon in our power for our defence, as we were left by all our friends, under various pretexts, to defend ourselves—while they engaged solemnly from their side not to commit any hostilities during this truce. Notwithstanding this pledged faith, for which the above said deputies of two provinces had made themselves responsible, our weak and nearly defenceless city was on the third night after this congress, under cover of a deep darkness, nearly surrounded by a military force of 1500 men with six pieces of heavy artillery and two mortars.

The pusillanimous Magistrates cried incessantly “Open the gates, open the gates; do not sacrifice our wives and children, the military will do us no harm,” and indeed the commanding officer, Baron de Quadt, had solemnly engaged by an officer sent for this purpose, “that he only came by order of his Highness, to garrison the city,” and assured by mouth my friend de Nys¹ on his honour, that, if he

¹ Adrian de Nys, in 1787 commander at Wyk, taken prisoner, removed to Amersfoort and confined in the Haazenbergh, Town Hall of Utrecht with van der Kemp. Neither was set free until each had

was admitted without resistance, no person within the city should be injured in his person or estate. I tried in vain to raise their spirits; in vain I called duty and honour to my aid; they vociferated louder and more and more; the confusion increased; nothing was heard but "Open the gates"; so that even my friend de Nys, the first in command, would have given way. I then took boldly the lead, and told the Magistrates that they were in office and should be obeyed, but only on written orders duly signed by their Secretary; and that if they hesitated one moment longer to give my friend that pledge that they commanded the surrender, I should without any further delay, command to fire. "They would—they would—all that we might wish, but first open the gates." "No one single moment longer trifling; execute this instant, or wait the consequences." Then they complied with my injunctions. My friend received their orders and while he made the preparations to open the gates, I led the whole of our armed force, in number about ninety men, through the gate which was not occupied; so that of the whole garrison, not one remained in the city, besides my friend de Nys, and old gentleman

given security amounting to about 49,000 guilders. When the French invaded Holland in 1795, he aided Dumouriez, sacrificing his fortune. Later he emigrated with his large family to Java. He was made collector of the stamp duties at Batavia, where he died in 1830, well on in years. He was probably the last man to wear the old-fashioned garments and the hair in a queue: he rode a large horse to the time of his death, and had every appearance of an accomplished horseman and old cavalry officer.

de la Faille, whose advanced age prevented his retreat, and myself.

This event took place on the 5th of July, 1787, notwithstanding the declaration of the Cabinet of Versailles of considering the beginning of hostilities as a declaration of war, notwithstanding that we, personally, had been taken under its special protection, and that unasked. The Count de Vergennes¹ wrote especially to this point to the Duc de la Vauguyon on the 15th of March, 1786, and Monsieur le Duc permitted me when with him to copy these interesting despatches.

While the troops marched into the city, we retired to our lodgings, changed our military accoutrements for our usual clothes, and waited the issue of the catastrophe. Between seven and eight in the morning the door of our room was opened by an officer; but seeing us he asked pardon and retreated, saying our landlord had not given him notice that the room was occupied, or he should have avoided this apparent intrusion: we requested him to enter, as we were willing to give up the room: when approaching me a little nearer, and looking at me with a perturbed countenance, he said, "Will you deem it not uncourteous if I ask your name? Is it van der Kemp? My God!" he exclaimed, "must I encounter you in this situation?" "Art thou then," I replied, "Baron de Merwede?" "Yes, the brother of your friend! what can I do for you?" "Conduct

¹ Vergennes, Charles Gravier, Comte de. French Minister for Foreign Affairs, 1774-1787.

us in safety to the house of our friend de la Faille." "I shall; but there are billeted several field officers." "Never mind this." He was our guide and safeguard. No objection was made there by any one of the officers to our admission into our worthy friend's family.

There were the Baron Buzek, the Viscount Colonel de Thouars, and Lieutenant Macdonald. The house was directly surrounded with sentinels, one at the door of our room, with two sergeants in the entry. We enjoyed, I may say, the polite society of these gallant men, some of them acquainted formerly with my father, while young Macdonald seemed deeply interesting himself in our lot, and accompanied me every time when I wished to walk in the garden. A general amnesty was decreed on the 9th, and published, in which de Nys and I were nominally comprehended; but nevertheless, we were awakened from our sleep by an adjutant of the regiment of Baden, to prepare ourselves within an hour to be conducted to Amersfoort, as we actually were at three in the morning in a coach and four, surrounded by a detachment of dragoons and two sergeants with loaded pistols on the opposite side. At Amersfoort we were lodged in a public building, all surrounded with sentinels, and a guard of a sergeant with twelve men in the adjacent room, and two civil officers in the room which we occupied.¹

The first task I performed in my confinement was

¹ For a detailed account see Chalmot, who describes the jeers and insults they suffered.

to dispatch a letter to my congregation, resigning to them my pastoral charge, which was accepted in a most kind and flattering manner, as I was informed by their *scriba* [clerk] John de Kruyft, in the name of a full consistory.

No correspondence with our relatives was permitted, except that which was inspected by the Baron of Amerongen, Lord of Natewitsch. Informed that a letter of Mrs. van der Kemp was kept back, I addressed the noble Lord in a significant letter, urging that this limited correspondence was offered by them, not solicited by us as a favour, that I was very indifferent about its continuance; but in such a case I demanded that the letter now withholden should be directly returned to Mrs. van der Kemp as her property, on which they could not make any legal claims. It was sent me the same day by his secretary, with the apology that the contents of the letter forbade him to send it without an express order of the States. I will acknowledge that the old partisans of the Prince of Orange treated us, generally, with great courtesy, the mob with insolence, and they who had become renegades of the Patriot party with a rancorous malice.

Nothing in the meantime was left untried to lure and persuade Mrs. van der Kemp to appeal to the Prince Stadtholder, and solicit his intercession. But your dear mother, so worthy your ardent love, so deserving your reverential regard, withstood even the entreaties of her own brother,¹ then a member of

¹ Peter Anthony Vos, 1731-1792.

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the States General. Her firmness was as unshaken as her love.

Many books have been published in Holland upon these times and events, in which much can be found to illustrate and make clearer van der Kemp's story. Beginning with the reign of William V.,¹ though the other Courts of Europe far outshone the Hague in splendour of installation, yet during the first ten years under this Stadtholder, the gay little Dutch capital is said to have yielded to none in the brilliance of its festivities, which had also, according to a contemporary, the added and rarer quality of being extremely amusing. Now however, the clouds had gathered, and the two parties, Patriot and Orange, had formed outside, while within, German intrigues divided the Orange adherents yet again into the factions of the Prince and the Princess. Apparently united in their domestic life, in politics it was otherwise. The Prince was amiable and irresolute, his wife clever and ambitious, and gradually she usurped an influence and authority damaging

¹ See H. van A., *Uit de Gedenkschriften*.

to his prestige. His audience room became deserted as hers was more and more crowded. Yet party hatred laid all unpopular measures at her door, while she alienated even those old Orange supporters who attached themselves exclusively to the House, not necessarily to its members by marriage.

When finally the States of Holland deprived the Stadtholder, together with other rights, of the command of the garrison of the Hague, the Prince, deeply injured, in spite of his wife's opposition, departed to Nymegen, where again the ancient town of Charlemagne was filled with the life and the parade of the Court.

Utrecht now became more than ever the centre of the Patriotic activity, Amersfoort, fourteen miles away, that of the Orange party; both took on a military air, and by the beginning of 1787 it seemed as if, before the year ended, a general civil war would break out.

Frederick the Great, though often remonstrating with Holland, had nevertheless stayed his hand, seeing, as it was said, little to gain for Prussia, and caring less for a woman who

meddled with politics, and trampled on her husband's prerogative. Splendidly as he had once been received at Het Loo, he would never repeat his visit, nor take up his niece's quarrel.

The Princess, advised, it was said, by the English and Prussian ministers, now meditated a step to force the States of the Province of Holland to measures which should rouse her uncle Frederick the Great to that active intervention she had so often vainly asked. It was many days before the Prince's consent was gained, however, unwilling as he was to be disturbed in the comparative tranquillity which he was enjoying in Nymegen, and in his frequent visits to Het Loo, "that glorious country seat in the heart of hilly wooded Gelderland," where he delighted in his rides through the forest, and fishing in the Udlermeir, both more to his taste than the hard hunting so dear to his predecessors. Weary of contention, however, by July he yielded, and early one morning Wilhelmina and her suite drove out of the gate of the Burg on her way to the Hague. All went

well until the frontier of Holland was more than passed. Then the famous arrest of the cavalcade by the troops of that Province began a performance whose consequences were indeed to be tragic, but whose details would furnish a comedy. Forbidden to proceed, the Princess returned to Nymegen, inwardly well pleased with the success of her scheme.

Her formal complaints to the States of the Province of Holland met only with perfunctory notice. The Patriots at first seemed to triumph, but at the moment when hope all but failed the Stadtholder, Frederick the Great died, and the new King of Prussia found it convenient to demand an *éclatante* satisfaction for the insult to his sister.

History tells us how the Province of Holland refused, how she strengthened her army, examined her dykes, and prepared for the worst, while the Patriot party, already drilled and armed, claimed the promised aid of France. But France made no sign, and the Prussian troops under the reigning Duke of Brunswick, who had prudently consulted the moon and

the tides, crossed the frontier. In a fortnight, though not without bloodshed, Amsterdam was taken, the revolution was accomplished to the surprise of all, and "satisfaction" promised to the Princess of Orange.

Van der Kemp during this time had been detained in prison, but his autobiography gives the course of events in their proper sequence :

When the Prussians had entered the territory of the Republic and penetrated into the Province of Utrecht, after the Cabinet of Versailles was lulled to sleep by the Marquis of Dorset, while yet the leading men of the Patriot party were fed with hope that a formidable [French] army was advancing to their support, yea, was actually in the neighbourhood of St. Omer, then, after the evacuation of Utrecht, we were in the same manner conveyed thither, and guarded with the same care. At our arrival in that city, where we had been so often welcomed with hosannas, we were first conducted to the lodgings of General Baron von Munster¹ and introduced into his audience room, where we met him surrounded by a large number of officers and genteel persons.

That unhappy man so far forgot his eminent station, and put his otherwise recommendable character so far in jeopardy as to insult us. He first

¹ Military commander in the Province of Utrecht.

mocked with unfeeling bitterness my friend de Nys for his presenting the city of Wyk with two field pieces; he kept a dignified silence; then casting a contemptuous look upon me, said "You sir! with your delicate pen! It was '*Madame la Princesse!*'" You reap now the fruits." My heart was bleeding; I stared at him and my eye was the significant interpreter of its silent language. In this instant a rash youth in regimentals struck or rather tapped my cheek. I pitied the boy, asking him if he dared to do this in the presence of his General; when the Baron ordered the officer of our guard to lead us off.

In the beginning of December, the ruling party having nothing longer to fear, resolved to set us at liberty, after we should have indemnified the State for the losses incurred by the public during our usurpation, as it was termed, of the public administration, which sum was calculated at 45,000 florins.

It was about this time that Mr. van Loon, an eminent civilian and partisan of the Stadtholder, proposed to visit us, which was accepted. The pretext was the necessity to arrange some points for our enlargement. We invited him to stay to supper, which he did. He appeared careless, only intended to dispel the gloom of our situation, and cheer up our spirits. The glass went round briskly, when, deeming it now his proper moment, he inquired about some publications which had given, at

¹ Probably referring to a description of the Princess of Orange in the *Catalogue Raisonné*, in which she was likened to Brunhilda and Tullia, seeking power at all cost.

a certain time, great offence, but which now had become matters of indifference ; and we, who knew everything, could not be ignorant in what corner these were fabricated, and perhaps stood in some relationship to them. I told him bluntly what share I had in some, and which of these I claimed exclusively ; then he pointed archly at one or two treatises in the *Post of the Lower Rhine*. " I have no share at all in these, sir ! and of this I undertake to convince you. Had I written these, I should have used less management ; I should have given a few proofs, strong as Holy Writ, in my possession, from the archives of the county of Culemborg, which you must know exist, and of which you cannot doubt my knowledge, when I shall have mentioned to you their contents." He was fully satisfied ; he now regretted that affairs had been pushed so far on both sides ; that the intercourse between good men of both parties had been so far interrupted ; that no reconciliation had become practicable ; yet he had hope, there was some possible now. " My plan, sir, is unalterably fixed ; if I am restored to liberty, as I ought to be, I leave instantaneously this devoted country, and leave it for ever." He hoped not ; I might yet be serviceable to my country ; he dared to say I could if I would, and he offered himself sincerely to effect it. I did not question his sincerity but my resolution could not be shaken.

A few days later my Lord Athlone¹ wrote a letter

¹ Jonkheer Frederik Christian Rynhard, Baron van Rheede en Agrim, Grave van Athlone, Vryheer van Amerongen, Head Officer of the city of Utrecht, 1782.

to Mrs. van der Kemp that we should ere long be set at liberty. She might come and see me. She arrived with her two children and one servant, who was peculiarly attached to our family, and visited me in my confinement. The next day was appointed for our discharge. My Lord Athlone entered our room towards evening, and informed us, that he was ordered by the States General of the Province of Utrecht, to set us free, as he now had the gratification to do. He conducted us down the staircase to the coach, bid us a courteous farewell, and said he hoped I might meet success and prosper in another country, as he heard that I was resolved to leave my own. At the house of my friend de Nys, who had generously defrayed all the expenses during our captivity, and paid our heavy ransom,¹ a numerous company of our acquaintances and friends were convened. I made all speed to dress me for my journey, entered the parlour, partook of a few refreshments, embraced my wife, my children, my friends, bid them all a heart-rending, last farewell and sprang on a chariot with my friend Major de Wys, who had served under me in Wyk, and visited me in 1790 on the North River, to be witness of my lot, and inform my friends of my situation. We were guided by Mr. Sylvius, a zealous Orange man, but a man of honour and sterling worth, who promised your mother that he would see me safe in Brabant, and this he actually did.

¹ Forty-five thousand gulden each. Van der Kemp was sentenced to leave immediately the State and Province of Utrecht, never to return. See *N. Nederl Jaarb*, 1787.

I left Utrecht on the 19th day of December, 1787 at eight o'clock in the evening, and arrived on the 21st at Antwerp. We had slept that night at Hoogstraeten, from whence Mr. Sylvius returned to Holland; your dear mother with you and your sister having gone to her residence at Leyden.

I directly informed his Excellency John Adams of my arrival in Antwerp.¹ He was then Ambassador [Minister of the United States] at the Court of St. James. He congratulated me instantaneously upon

¹ "ANTWERP, Dec. 29, 1787.

"Last year my wife could not bring herself to resolve to seek an asylum in the new world, and my wish to satisfy her desires made me yield. Now fate is changed, my unhappy country is in fetters, the best have suffered most, and I myself was a prisoner of state for 24 weeks, released Dec. 9 after having *namptisè* 45,000 fl.

"The plan was to take me to Louvestein, so soon as I should have returned to Holland, and by the counsel of my friend John Luzac, I left the territory of the Republic, having received from my congregation at Leyden a most honourable acceptance of my resignation.

"Having lost 2000 florins per annum, we are forced to a decision which I should have made long ago. America or England are the only countries where I can live. America, the object of my most ardent desires, will be our goal if we can live frugally in the country, and if your Excellency will deign to honour me with letters. Mr. [Capellen] van der Marsch now at Brussels, Mr. John Luzac at Leyden can tell you that I am no less worthy of this favour than before, and that the necessity of surrendering a city garrisoned by one hundred and twenty Bourgeois to fifteen hundred soldiers with a train of artillery has not stained my character. If out of the ruins of my fortune I can succeed in supporting my family near Albany or in the State of New York, it will be the fulfilment of all my wishes. I expect my wife with our two children and a servant, so soon as she shall have sold my effects, and I hope to sail for America in March next."

—v. d. K. to Adams. From the original French MS. letter.

the unexpected event, and favoured me with a number of introductory letters to the first characters in America.

As soon as I was a little recovered from fatigue, and my mind again at ease, I wrote to your mother, if it remained her firm purpose to share my fate, to sell all our property in Leyden—house, library, collection of statues, busts, medals, and superfluous furniture—and convey the remainder to Amsterdam to the care of Messrs. Wilhelm and John Willink, and then start for Antwerp.

It was not an easy task to make a selection from a pretty large library, of the little I intended to save, but I succeeded once more far better than I could have expected. All that related to divinity, ancient and modern history, antiquities and laws of my *ci-devant* country was sacrificed, a few volumes excepted, with a sufficient supply of French, English, Italian, and German authors, and a few chosen classics. It was indeed, my dear John, a pretty difficult task without a catalogue, and yet it was performed.

In the beginning of March, 1788, your mother left Leyden with you and your sister for Antwerp.¹ An old friend, Abr. Leye conducted her thither; that faithful girl, who could not obtain leave from her aged parents to follow us to America, accompanied

¹ My grandfather does not mention that when my grandmother joined him in 1788 with her two children her passport was made out under her maiden name of *Vos*. My dear father even at that early age was remarkable for his veracity, and his mother with some difficulty prevented him from announcing his real name to the officer who examined the passport. [Mrs. Bernard Henry.]

her, to see me once more, and bid me a last adieu. She returned with our friend Leye. It was painful, painful in the extreme for both, that I was compelled to leave Europe without a worthy and loving mother's blessing, but it was unavoidable.¹

Having rested a few days at Antwerp, and hired a carriage to convey us to Havre de Grace, we went to Brussels, where we were received with open arms by our friend the Baron van der Capellen of Marsch, who provided me with letters of recommendation to several distinguished characters on the Western Continent from the Marquis de La Fayette; while he assured me that Mr. Jefferson, then our Ambassador [Minister] in France, would send me others at New York.

This was the same Baron Robert Jaspar van der Capellen of Gelderland who had studied long years ago with his cousin Johan Derk at Utrecht.

On leaving the University, after a short cavalry service, he entered the States of Gelderland, where his course during the sixteen years of his membership seems to have been that upon which he determined in his student days. Liberal and Patriot, he early incurred the Stadtholder's displeasure like his cousin

¹ Mrs. van der Kemp died on March 19, 1789, at Amsterdam, where she was living with her only daughter.

of Overijssel; like him, also, he accepted no Court favours. The plan of government which he deemed the best for Holland, he stated in a preface to the *Memoirs* of his ancestor Alexander van der Capellen, which he published in 1778. For Americans the chief interest in his life is that he was the first Regent in the Seven Provinces who ventured to propose in his Assembly the recognition of the United States.¹ This was on February 23, 1782.

When the troubles came, he was forced with his family to leave his home in Gelderland, by the excesses committed there in the Orange cause, the frequent threats of pillage and massacre, and the attempt on his son at school in Arnheim. He first took refuge at Amsterdam, then in Brussels in 1788, and thence he passed into France, Louis XVI. having promised him protection.

In August of that year the Court of Gelderland sentenced him to the block for rebellion; this was banishment. As a matter of duty he protested against this sentence, and de-

¹ *Dip. Corres. Am. Rev.*, vol. iii., pp. 513, 562-3.

Baron Robert Joseph von der Capellen
of Münster.

Baron Robert Joseph von der Capellen was born at Münster, Westphalia, on the 10th of November 1781. He was educated at the University of Münster, and was admitted to the bar in 1804. He was appointed advocate-general in 1806, and in 1808 was promoted to the rank of councillor of state. In 1810 he was appointed to the office of minister of justice, and in 1813 to the office of minister of the interior. He was created a baron in 1815, and in 1819 was appointed to the office of minister of justice. He died at Münster on the 10th of November 1841.

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fended the Patriot's "great cause" in his *Memoirs*, published both in Dutch and French.¹ Little can be found in detail of his life. He took no part in the French Revolution, for he deplored its excesses, and was an enemy of anarchy as of despotism. What remained of his immense fortune he shared with his companions in exile. He was born at Zutphen, April 30, 1743, and died in the environs of Paris—perhaps at Seve, where his work is dated—about 1798. His descendants are living to-day in the Netherlands.

Van der Kemp had taken the only course open to him ; he, too, had only to flee, he was nowhere safe. No one had a good word for him save the Utrecht militia. Lampooned, slandered as a preacher of regicide, for years he was under a ban, and even so late as 1817 those in Holland who remembered him, and held him in high esteem as a defender of religious and political freedom and a champion of oppressed virtue, were, strange to say, afraid to let their names be known.²

¹ At Dunkirk and Paris, 1791.

² Hartog.

Many people of all classes now fled the Seven Provinces; the number is even estimated at forty thousand.¹

"To make up for the deplorable failure of her policy, France gave important aid to the most unfortunate victims," while the hope of bringing back to their old allegiance the exiles of the Edict of Nantes is said to have influenced the Edict of November, 1787, restoring *l'état civil* to Protestants. It was contemplated to form new regiments for the employment of the refugee Dutch officers and soldiers; in 1788 one hundred and forty officers were admitted to the French service.²

In 1795 many of these refugees returned, under the *tricolore*, across the dykes and canals frozen by "the French winter," and with their French generals were welcomed by the remnants of the old Patriot party, and by those who, finding the yoke of the House of Orange too heavy to bear, were dazzled by "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

¹ See Davies, vol. iii., p. 545.

² See DeWitt, pp. 297-8.

The Princess of Orange with her daughter left the country, and the Stadtholder a few hours later with his sons embarked in a fishing smack for England never to return.

IV.

DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

HERE [in Brussels] a crowd of exiled Patriots surrounded us, and regretted our final departure. Our stay was but short, our feelings various and painful; but the die was cast; we took then our last farewell from respected, from beloved associates in our toils, and from our cordial friends—even the remembrance is painful. The generous Jacob Hoofman, one of the zealous patrons of my youth, sent me on the morning of our departure one thousand guilders, to render the journey across the Atlantic as comfortable as possible to your excellent mother, whose courage he admired, and whose many sacrifices had made a deep impression on his breast. We met with no accident or adventure worth mentioning, and arrived in safety at Havre de Grace at the English hotel of a Mr. White. Here we met our countryman Messchert on his return from Russia, Mr. Sparman, and Mr. Wadstrom, who recommended me to the Rev. Mr. Collins at Philadelphia and the Rev. Laur. Girelius¹ at Wilmington. The first was

¹ Rector of Holy Trinity,—Old Swedes'—Church, Wilmington, Delaware.

a celebrated traveller ; the second a man of talents, who presented me with a manuscript on the origin of evil.

At Havre we had intended to take our passage in the packet to New York, but unfortunately, it wanted repair ; it must be coppered anew, and not start this month. I resolved then to go to England, and take from there our passage to the great Western continent, when, unexpectedly, an American frigate, Captain Benjamin Weeks, taking in ballast, was recommended to us by our landlord and the house of Ruellan & Co. We left Havre the 25th of March, discovered land on the 4th of May,¹ and arrived in a pilot boat at five o'clock in the afternoon in New York Harbour. Young Curtenius (late Major-General) accosted us, and conducted us to the boarding house of Mr. Francis in Hanover Square.

It is but duty, to renew the recollection,—and you my dear John, are interested in it—of having received numberless tender and kind attentions of Captain Weeks.² It is but duty to acknowledge that we owe many great obligations to that worthy man. He indeed was able to command ; always cool ; joining prudence with firmness ; pious without

¹ His birthday. He “ never wished to return.”

² “ He commanded a privateer in the American War, and after the peace was constantly employed by Messrs. John Ross and Co. of Philadelphia, which was his home. We crossed the Atlantic with him in the Frigate *L'Henriette*.”—v. d. K. to Adams, MS. letter.

ostentation; seemingly rigid in his discipline and tuition of four apprentices, but always moderating his sternness with complacency and heart-winning manners. No better order could be kept in a vessel than that which was maintained with regard to every individual on that of Captain Weeks'; never could a vessel be better manned with expert sailors, or have a more intelligent and prudent master, whose courtesy towards us exceeded our most sanguine wishes. He had hired, above his complement, a Low Dutch cabin boy from Lubeck, to please your dear mother, who understood not a word of English besides *yes* and *no*. He dismissed us with our baggage without payment, convincing us that this was our interest, as I had possessed only French gold coin, of which I had made him a tender. He would draw on me on a house in New York, as I might propose—Constable and Ruckers, or Le Roy—and mention to his employers on his arrival at Philadelphia, his charge for the two children, viz. half price. He did so. A few days after our arrival in New York, I received from him a letter, dated Philadelphia, with a draft for the sum of our passage; his employers, Messrs. Ross, had ordered that no charge should be made for you or your sister, requesting only a visit if I came to Philadelphia.

I had not been many weeks in New York before I received letters from Europe, and with these several of introduction from Mr. Jefferson; one offering me—through my honoured and revered Master, Prof. Oosterbaen, in the name of Prince Potemkin, to

whom I had been made known by the Russian Ambassador [to the Netherlands] Gallitzin—the superintendence of a large colony of Dantzic Baptists in the vicinity of Kherson, in the Crimea. But I, who could not brook to stoop to my equals—except by voluntary condescension, except to the fair ones—could not be induced to put my shoulders under the iron yoke of a despot, how well soever that yoke was gilded and adorned.

I delivered my letters of introduction to the French Ambassador, the Count Moustier, introduced to him by Colonel A. Hamilton; so I did to General Knox, Governour Clinton, and Melancthon Smith, and met with every kind of civility and hospitable reception. It seemed as a strife among many, who should do the most; never can I repay it, but never, I am confident, can it be obliterated in my breast. No relatives, no parents could do more than Mr. and Mrs. Clinton; the venerable Mrs. Tappan welcomed Mrs. van der Kemp as a daughter. Both ladies and also Mrs. Hamilton, conversed with your mother in Dutch. This was unexpected, and enhanced yet farther the high value of their numerous favours.

Had we possessed indeed the first rank and worth, we could not have desired a more cordial, a more distinguished reception, than we were honoured with day after day by the families of Clinton, Knox, and others. I sent my other letters to Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, General W. Livingstone, Benjamin Franklin, and General Washington, from whom I

received, ere long, a courteous invitation¹ to visit Mount Vernon. Thither I went.

I stopped at Elizabethtown, visited Governor Livingston, with whom I spent a few days in the most agreeable manner. From his seat I pursued my journey to Philadelphia, where I met the same hospitable reception from a mercantile house from Antwerp, from Benjamin Franklin, and, which should make me blush could I pass it by in silence, from the family of Captain Weeks, he being again on a voyage. I acquitted myself in paying a visit to Messrs. Ross, and so I proceeded to Baltimore, to

¹ MOUNT VERNON, May 28th 1788.

SIR :

The letter which you did me the favor to address to me on the 15th of this inst. from New York has been duly received, and I take the speediest occasion to welcome your arrival on the American shore.

I had always hoped that this land might become a safe & agreeable asylum to the virtuous & persecuted part of Mankind, to whatever nation they might belong ; but I shall be the more particularly happy, if this Country can be, by any means useful to the Patriots of Holland, with whose situation I am peculiarly touched, and of whose public virtue I entertain a great opinion.

You may rest assured Sir, of my best & most friendly sentiments of your suffering compatriots, and that, while I deplore the calamities to which many of the most worthy members of your Community have been reduced by the late foreign interposition in the interior affairs of the United Netherlands : I shall flatter myself that many of them will be able with the wrecks of their fortunes, which may have escaped the extensive devastation, to settle themselves, in comfort, freedom, and ease in some corner of the vast regions of America.— The spirit of the Religions, and the genius of the political Institutions of this Country must be an inducement. Under a good government (which I have no doubt we shall establish) this Country certainly promises greater advantages, than almost any other, to per-

the country seat of my old Dutch friend, Adr. Valck,¹ then Consul of the United Provinces, and arrived at last at Mount Vernon, where simplicity, order, unadorned grandeur, and dignity, had taken up their abode. That great man approved, as well as Clinton, my plan for an agricultural life, and made me a tender of his services ; although in his opinion

sons of moderate property, who are determined to be sober, industrious, & virtuous members of Society. And it must not be concealed that a knowledge that these are the general characteristics of your compatriots would be a principal reason to consider their advent as a valuable acquisition to our infant settlement. If you should meet with as favorable circumstances, as I hope will attend your first operations ; I think it probable that your coming will be the harbinger for many more to adventure across the Atlantic.

In the meantime, give me leave to request that I may have the pleasure to see you at my house whensoever it can be convenient to you, and to offer whatsoever services it may ever be in my power to afford yourself, as well as to the other Patriots & friends to the Rights of Mankind of the Dutch Nation.

I am—with sentiments of great

Esteem & respect

Sir

Your most obedt. & very

Hble. Servant

[Signed]

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Mr. FR. ADR. VANDERKEMP.

From copy.—Penn^a. Hist. Soc. See also Sparks, *Writings of Washington*, vol. ix., pp. 368–9.

¹ Adrian Valck. “ One of our best patriots with whom I have long had an intimate correspondence and friendship, a merchant of integrity and ability, a native of Overijssel. He goes to form a business establishment in America.”—Van der Capellen. *Brieven*, p. 568.

Recommended to Adams (Oct., 1780) as worthy of all confidence, and zealous for the good cause. Adams's *Life and Letters*, vol. vii., p. 317.

I should make a more desirable choice in the State of New York, among the posterity of Dutchmen.

There seemed to me, to skulk somewhat of a repulsive coldness, not congenial with my mind, under a courteous demeanour; and I was infinitely better pleased by the unassuming, modest gentleness of the lady, than with the conscious superiority of her consort. There was a chosen society. Colonel Humphrey was there. I was charmed with his manners, his conversation; he knew how to please, he knew how to captivate, when he deemed it worth while.

After my return to New York, I made a tour with your mother and you, leaving Bartha behind, to Esopus to see the country; from there we went to Albany, Schenectady, Johnstown, Caughnawaga, so far as Palatine Town at Major Philip Schuyler's. I purchased at Esopus.

Van der Kemp was naturalised, together with his wife and children, February 26, 1789, and bought in the following August a country-place at Esopus, "in the manor of Vauxhall" (Foxhall), Ulster County, for £1100.¹ In Kings-

¹ The Ulster County real estate records show that he bought property from the executors of Sylvester Salisbury, and that on May 31, 1794, he sold the same. Other searches confirm the statement of an old inhabitant, Dr. Jesse Mayer, that while living in Kingston the family occupied the house and farm north-west of the Saugerties road, purchased later by Christopher L. Kiersted. The house was of blue limestone one and one-half stories high, and was pulled down in 1862. [From letter of the late General George H. Sharpe to the editor, Kingston, 1889.]

ton his wife's kinsfolk, the Beeckmans, had long been settled, and here with their young children Mr. and Mrs. van der Kemp lived for five years, "greatly enjoying the beautiful North River, the delightful mansions of its wealthy families, and his own well-improved country-seat."

During my first year in America I corresponded with Peter Vreede, late of Dutch Directory, then at Lier in Brabant at time of first Brabant Revolution. The government interrupted all suspicious letters, mine shared that fate, after some months Vreede went to the Burgomaster, said there were letters for him, as he had long expected them.—The Burgomaster confessed, but it was only suspicious letters written in a mysterious way and dated from Esopus, which alone denoted that other things were said and others understood. "Deliver me those letters from my friend! Good God! Burgomaster! Esopus is a village three thousand miles away in America, and my friend not even thinks of your miserable Revolution."¹

In 1790 he seems to have made a trip to the western branch of the Delaware, and in 1792 he made a journey from Kingston to

¹ MS. letter to Adams, Aug. 3, 1808.

Oswego, which he described in a series of delightful letters.¹

Van der Kemp had hoped to recover at least part of the forty-five thousand florins exacted at his enlargement by the States of Utrecht, as security for so-called possible damage from his action. He even thought the United States Government might aid him, but his request for its intercession could not be granted.²

The autobiography continues :

After six years my small funds having greatly suffered by apprenticeship in agriculture, by my improvements, many unavoidable, many for which this plea could not be made, and by the unhappy prejudice of many that we possessed a vast fortune, because we were treated with respect by families of distinction, because we made no debts, because our furniture had a more costly appearance, I left it not without regret, for Oneida Lake.

Accordingly van der Kemp's record in the

¹ See *Centennial Address*, Seymour, Utica, 1877.

² "By the treachery of one who called himself my friend I was deprived of a great part of those possessions on which I depended in crossing the Atlantic."—MS. letter to Adams, Aug. 3, 1793. By May, 1794, the hope that these European losses might be partly repaired was gone.

old vellum book says: "In 1794 I and my family moved to the West to Lake Oneida where I settled and began to cultivate the land in the hope of leaving thereby to my children if my labours were blessed, an independent estate." The year before, the anonymous Castorland journalist had met "Mr. van der Kemp there, . . . looking for stone to build a stone house; he speaks French a little, greeted us, and was very kind."

V.

ONEIDA LAKE.

ELKANAH WATSON in 1791 describes Oneida Lake as "extremely turbulent and dangerous, a small breeze producing a short, bobbing sea in consequence of its shoal waters," so that "the bateauxmen commonly hug the north shore as safest as well as more direct. . . ." He saw "two large bears walking along the shore in majestic confidence," while on its outlet, the Onondaga River, he passed "Indians returning from fishing accompanied by all their families, children, dogs, cats, fowls, etc.," in birch canoes, which "sail like ducks upon the water, and some of them are whimsically painted."

On another journey thither, in 1788, Watson had made his way westward to Whitesboro from old Fort Schuyler, his horse "at every step sinking deep in mud." Nor does he blush to record

his fear, when, alone in the woods, soon after leaving the battle-ground of Oriskany, he met a band of Indians, drunk, frantic, almost naked, whooping, yelling, and dancing. At Fort Stanwix, a treaty was going on "to procure a cession from the Indians of territory lying west of Fort Stanwix to the great lakes." The French ambassador, Count Moustier, and his sister, the Marchioness de Biron [Brehan] were "encamped within the fort under a marquee formerly used by Lord Cornwallis. This enterprising and courageous lady had exposed herself to the greatest fatigues and privations to gratify her unbounded curiosity, by coming all the way from the city of New York to witness this great and unusual assemblage of savage tribes." Yet greater than the courage of an eccentric traveller was that of Reinira van der Kemp, who from the delightful life of Holland, her family in Nymegen, her house in Leyden, that "antique Athens of the North," came six years later to make a home for her husband in this howling wilderness. "Mrs. van der Kemp is great

minded enough to dare encounter this new and difficult struggle. I have no fears for Peace, or would not sacrifice an excellent woman who has already suffered too much, on the Frontier. A beautiful situation, fertile soil, three children, and a selected library—my principal comfort which I do not expect to have to sell—will be our amusements. We shall try to reap all possible advantages and spread as much happiness as our narrow circle will allow. We have little left but health, contentment, and satiety of the more noisy scenes of life.”¹ But accustomed as both were to every ease, adornment, and refinement of living, the burden laid upon them at this time of meeting the conditions of American frontier life, with but a slender and fast-ebbing purse for themselves and their three young children,² must have weighed most heavily

¹ MS. letter to Adams, May 26, 1794.

² Peter, the youngest, born at Kingston in October, 1789, and Cuneira Engelbartha, their only daughter, born in Leyden, February 17, 1785, both died unmarried; John Jacob, the eldest, was born at Leyden, April 22, 1783. He married in Philadelphia: first, Frances Taylor; second, Eliza Hepburn, by whom he had three children: Pauline Elizabeth, Bertha Frances, and John Jacob.

upon Mrs. van der Kemp, then already in her forty-seventh year. She bore it with honour to her race.

Reinira Engelberta Johanna Vos, daughter of Jacob Vos and his wife, Cuneira Beeckman, was born December 16, 1746. Her father was "old Burgomaster" of Nymegen, and many of her kinsfolk were well known not only in the church, but in civic affairs and in the army. The most famous of her ancestors was the well-known scholar Smetius,¹ whose granddaughter Mechteld married Reynier Beeckman, connected with the distinguished branch of that family in America, and was the grandmother of Reinira, who on May 20, 1782, married Francis Adrian van der Kemp.

No letters of hers exist, and she is but a shadowy figure, though there remain many of her beautiful personal belongings, and fine portraits of her family that show her degree. In her husband's political troubles in Holland,

¹ Johannes Smetius, or Smith, in his later life became pastor of the Reformed Church at Nymegen. Versed in classics and Oriental languages, he was an oracle even to foreign scholars in his knowledge of Roman antiquities, and his unequalled collections were visited by hundreds of travellers. He died, 1651.

she stood gallantly by him, none the less so in his long course against the steady head winds of later life in America. Much devolved upon the mistress of a household under even the easiest circumstances a century ago in the old States ; and at such a place as Kempwyk a woman's task was a much heavier one. Besides the care of the health of the family, and the responsibility of the children, only by her supervision might be had the full storeroom, the spotless house, the clear wick, the bright hearth, and the ever-ready welcome for a friend, or a friend's friend, arriving unexpectedly over miles of bad frontier roads. Under her eye was often a "spinning woman," and sometimes even a loom. In days when everything had to be done by hand, or not at all, this personal care meant such economy as lies seldom within a woman's power to-day ; it was universally practised, and no one was probably more equal to it than this Holland-bred lady. At hours when all was in train, often a book read aloud by one of the family best lightened the monotony of her tireless needle, unless it

were broken by the joyful arrival of visitors, or by the post-rider with *Couranten*, and letters like the following¹ :

31 Ap., 1795.

DEAR S^r:

About an hour ago I had the pleasure of Receiving your Pleasing favour, many things have conspired to prevent the Pleasure of writing to my absent friend—among these are want of health, lack of opportunity and a most dreadful disease of the mind called Procrastination.

We are all here in Joy. The successes of the French are astonishing. History presents nothing like it. Holland is now completely emancipated. The Tiranical Stadholder is fled with all his adherents and perfect Liberty is established, property sacred to the proprietors, not the least cause for complaint. They talk of recalling there Virtuous Banished Patriots, are not you, S^r of that description? Who knows but yr. affairs may have a much Brighter aspect in future, and merit like yours not to be shut up on the Oneida Banks, and you and y^r lady shine in your Respective Circles as in past times. . . . I thank you S^r for your good opinion of my son Edward's Election, if Virtuous principles joined to a clear head will recommend him to his fellow citizens confidence, he will assuredly have it. I am on the wing for Clermont, sick of the Town

¹ Miss Julia Livingston Delafield has kindly allowed this letter to be printed.

and its foolish ostentation by displaying food for vanity, and on the part of some Individuals not able to support the farce long. Sick of speculations, and an unbounded avarice which is insatiable and only fed by repeated accumulations, what pleasure can a city yield to one who detests such hateful passions, and with all their wealth they are strangers to true happiness. I am grateful to my Father who has saved his child from such attachments and given me a sweet retirement, where peace, harmony, and content occupy the mind with gratitude to the Supreme good—please to present me affectionately to my cousin y^r Lady and believe me to be S^r with great esteem yours

Respectfully.

M. LIVINGSTON.¹

Mr. F. A. VAN DER KEMP.

Kempwick

Oneida Lake

County of Herkimer.

Though Oneida Lake was then the thoroughfare to the West and Canada, and the course lay along this northern shore where the navigation was best, Liancourt says that, except this farm and Rotterdam, which has, beside a fine frame house that Scriba is building, only

¹ Margaret Beeckman, one of the most distinguished women of her day, wife of Judge Robert R. Livingston, and mother of Chancellor Livingston. Both at New York and Clermont, she showed great hospitality and kindness to Mr. and Mrs. van der Kemp.

a dozen wretched log houses — *on ne voit pas une seule maison, un seul défrichement sur aucun bord du lac,—des bois éternels, des terres médiocres.*¹

Yet this had begun to be a promising point on the frontier, and van der Kemp, foreigner though he was, sympathised not with the matter-of-fact views of Liancourt, but with the hopes of Scriba—George Scriba, a New York merchant who, in 1790, had bought half a million of acres in this part of the State, a Patent still known by his name. Van der Kemp built here, on a point of land four or five miles east of Rotterdam, and about a mile beyond Bernhard's Bay, a house described by the owner of the land in 1897 as having been sixty feet by twenty-two, and made of logs squared at the ends, with three rooms in front, the middle one a hall with a staircase. Separate from what was always understood in old times as "the house," doubtless there was also a wing for the negroes, of whom tradition says many were employed.

¹ See Liancourt, *Voyage*, etc. vol. ii., p. 261.

The chicken house was sixteen feet square, with a peak for pigeons. The barn, resembling those in Holland, was sixty by twenty-six feet ; six feet high at the eaves and eighteen for main posts.

This property he named Kempwyk. Here from the door in summer, across the road and the clearings, one might look over the shallow water of the wide blue lake, broken with beds of rushes, and watch perhaps a bear swimming across to the island of de Wattines, "the favourite haunt of myriads of water fowl."

The lovely line of the Canaseraga Hills, which van der Kemp recognised as an ancient shore of Lake Ontario, bounded this southern view. To the west, beyond the old British frontier post of Fort Brewerton, which kept the gate of the Oswego River and the "Ontario Ocean," was high land. To the east, where the royal blockhouse, by that time in ruins, had commanded Wood Creek, the waterway to the Mohawk and the Hudson, the land was low as it was to the north.

The lake swarmed with fish, the deer came

up to the houses, the woods were full of partridges; wild pigeons, wild ducks flew over spring and fall. Then, too, passed the wild geese, with a clamour which, like the laugh of the loon and the roar of the frogs, must have astonished the strangers had they not heard the same on the North River, while in the moonless spring evenings lights crept over the dark, still water, as the Indians speared salmon by pine-knot torches in the bows of their canoes.¹

ROTTERDAM, AT THE ONEIDA LAKE.

. . . The situation is delightful, land rich enough, my seat could have every improvement of taste were my finances equal. . . .

I have been imposed upon by the men who contracted for clearing a great part of the land and who

¹ DeWitt Clinton.

The salmon then ascended the Oneida Creek as far as Stockbridge. In the Canaseraga Creek (one of the chief tributaries of the lake) they ran up above its junction with the Chittenango Creek, as far as the Chittenango Falls, the height of which, 140 feet, stopped their progress. At the foot of these falls an old inhabitant of Cazenovia, Mr. John Hatch, stated that he had often killed the fish, and that in Oneida Lake itself the seines were frequently too heavy with them to be drawn. Van der Kemp procured in great detail the rules for smoking salmon as practised in Holland, believing that with proper protection and curing, the fish "would become a gold mine for that part of our State." See MS. letter, 1817, to Clinton. Library of Columbia University.—Ed.

have left it almost untouched—a considerable loss. . . . Mrs. van der Kemp is still at Mr. G. Boon's in Service's [Patent] with the family of Mr. Mappa, where she will stay till I have a convenient log house for temporary residence, and the out houses. She is resolved to make more sacrifices, and yet more if necessary, but to avoid this, I will sell my library, to repair part of my loss, and make my retirement more comfortable to my worthy consort used to a nobler manner of living. . . . Belles lettres, ancient and modern languages, first and magnificent editions neatly bound—I value the library between 400 and 500*£* and shall prepare the catalogue this winter and, in spite of discouragements, . . . the study of government, agriculture, education of my children, make me happy.¹

In September, 1794, he was appointed Assistant Justice of the Peace,² after which no letter breaks the silence until October 3, 1795.

Uninterrupted labour has been required to make my family subsist more comfortably in the woods. Mrs. van der Kemp with her children has had this season a severe illness by which my own health is impaired—I wish to establish if possible some order and decency in the court where ignorance and stupidity prevail, and I have had labour, the unrelied endeavours to establish and organize a Society

¹ MS. letter to Adams, 28 Aug., 1794.

² He declined the reappointment in 1798.

of Agriculture and Natural History in which I succeeded for a part. My circumstances forbid me farther intercourse after its organization.

In 1795, van der Kemp had called a meeting at Whitesboro, to be held at Colonel White's tavern, on the 7th of April, for the purpose of forming an Agricultural Society for the Western District of New York. In his address he praises the cheerfulness and courage of the settlers, while he criticises their bad farming, bad drainage, indolence, and waste. He urges the formation of agricultural societies, new tools, new seeds, the use of natural history in all her extensions, meteorological observations, prizes for papers on these subjects, in Dutch, Latin, or French, and correspondence with the great foreign societies of London, Amsterdam, Göttingen, Berne, and Paris.

After the hard work of organising and establishing the society, trusting that "in time a more permanent and lofty edifice may rise on the foundation" he laid, he does no more, as his situation "requires a continued attendance, and the avoidance of the smallest extraordinary

expenses." In his address one can see how he tries to make the best of it, as he describes the happiness of seeing the first cleared meadows, the first harvest, every new bird, reptile, plant, fossil, the anatomy of a single leaf. The farmer at the noontide rests under a great oak with his book—his Thompson or Milton—in his hand, or fishes in the stream. In the evening he instructs his family in duties of rural and domestic life, laws, and governments, or studies Sydney, Locke, Montesquieu, Adams, and blesses the country life and the lonely woods. One would say he ought to bless *Jean Jacques* also for giving him this point of view, so new then to mankind.

Like Lafayette's officers, he "saw everything through Rousseau-tinted spectacles." Liancourt, however, said it was only *avec les siècles futurs que l'imagination doit vivre si elle veut s'exercer dans ces nouvelles contrées*. But there was one a few years later whose imagination revelled in the present. Whether Chateaubriand really journeyed through these lovely forest waters, and listened to the whippoorwill

from his camp by the outlet of the Lake of the Onondagas, still as a mirror in the magnificent summer evening ; whether he really visited the old Iroquois chief, saw the French veteran teaching the Indians to dance after his violin, and heard the music of Paisiello and Cimarosa in the log huts of the pioneers, has not remained unquestioned. Yet his description¹ shows at least how the fancy of the Old World once kindled at the vision of the New.

But before any traveller could have gone so far as to be startled at night in the forest by the distant thunder of Niagara, he left behind him the friends of the Dutch exiles on Oneida Lake, and we must turn Eastward to find them.

In their immediate vicinity, at New Rotterdam, lived George Scriba,² a much valued friend, and at Bernhard's Bay, near Kempwyk,

¹ See *Mémoires D'Outre Tombe*, vol. ii., p. 211 *et seq.*

² In 1794 George Scriba caused a settlement to be made on Oneida Lake, which he called New Rotterdam (now Constantia). In 1795 he began another town on the shore of Lake Ontario, which he called Vera Cruz, and where he put up mills, a store, and other buildings. An active trade on the Lake from that point began, and for some years the Northern Vera Cruz bid fair to become a formidable rival of Oswego, and the most important commercial station on

where now a solitary Lombardy poplar stands by the beach of the lake with an air of *vielle souche*, was the house of Mr. Bernhard, who followed van der Kemp to this country, and who never left this "noble farm."

Not an intimate, although living near them, was Angel de Ferrier of Niort, Département des Deux Sèvres, France. He had been an officer in the King's Life Guards, and was only three and twenty when he escaped in 1792 from Paris to Holland. There some members of the Holland Land Company suggested that he try his fortunes in America. Landing at New York, and coming first to Cazenovia, he

the Lake. A few other settlements were made at other points in Oneida before 1800, principally under his auspices. One of his enterprises was a four-rod highway, twenty miles long, from Rotterdam to Vera Cruz, at which latter place it was said that in 1804 more merchandise was sold than at Oswego or Utica, and in the belief of many persons it was destined to command the trade of Canada and the West. At the time of the purchase his fortune was estimated at \$1,500,000, which made him one of the richest men of his time, but later all was swallowed up in his efforts to promote the interest of the infant settlements, and he died at Constantia, Aug. 14, 1836, a poor man.

He came to New York with his brother Frederick from Frankfort on the Main before the Revolution, and established a successful banking house in this city. He married 1st, Sarah, daughter of James Dundas; 2nd, her sister Eliza, widow of his partner, F. W. Starman. See *New York Evening Post*, Nov. 1, 1878.

settled after his marriage at Wampsville, where he invested his patrimony in the "best land," owning before his death some three thousand acres. His return to France, where he went to receive his inheritance, was, it has been said, connected in some way with the pretensions of Eleazar Williams to be Louis XVII. Williams was then living as a missionary among the Oneida Indians, near de Ferrier, and as much mystery has been thrown around his personality as around that of Louis Anathe Muller, who some years later was lavishing money on his secluded home in the wild southern part of Madison County. The belief grew that he too was of the royal family of France, whither he went again after 1814.¹

James Donatianus Le Ray de Chaumont, the son of Franklin's friend at the French Court, was established to the northward in Lewis County. He was a brother-in-law of M. Chassanis, who purchased of William Constable in Paris, 1792, 630,000 acres of land

¹ See "The Mystery of the Muller Mansion," R. J. Hubbard, *Transactions Oneida Historical Society*, Utica, 1892-4.

near the Black River in the northern part of New York, for an association later organised as *La Compagnie de New York*, and known as "Castorland."¹

There had been other leaders of the Castorland Colony near-by, among whom were des Jardins, a former chamberlain of Louis XVI., and Marc Isambart Brunel, also a French political exile, later the engineer of the Thames Tunnel, while de Wattines still lingered,² much derogated, within sight of his island. At Whitesboro lived Jonas Platt, and Peter Smith, later of Peterboro, also a friend of van der Kemp, who said he was "a man of talents, great worth, and strong mind." In the village

¹ Le Ray later became the principal agent of the French proprietors, and bought many of their rights. He spent the best years of his life in promoting the settlement of his lands in Jefferson and Lewis counties. He became insolvent, and the management of affairs passed to his son, Vincent Le Ray. He went back to France in 1832, and visited America for the last time in 1836. He died December 31, 1840, *at*. 80. See Hough's *History of Lewis County*, pp. 35 *et seq.*, pp. 69, 70.

² On a farm given him by Mr. Scriba "at the intercession of my friend Mappa. Gerrit Boon, at my urgent entreaties, paid a handsome sum for the remnants of his library, which afterwards Chastellux [Liancourt] published that I had, taking advantage of his distress, appropriated to myself."—MS. letter to Clinton, Columbia University Library.

of Utica were Steuben's old Aid, Colonel Walker, and the well-known members of the famous Oneida County bar, and later Henry Seymour. At Cazenovia, Colonel John Lincklaen was not only a compatriot but a "beloved friend," like members of other families connected with the Holland Land Company. But more nearly bound to the van der Kemp household than perhaps any others were Colonel Mappa, his wife, and children; who were living at the distance of a day's journey at Olden Barneveld, (later Trenton, now Barneveld), in Oneida County.

Yet at the best the loneliness was great. Brave though Mrs. van der Kemp was, her health failed, and this added trial finally made life at Kempwyk impossible.

There once more [van der Kemp writes in the autobiography] duty compelled me to make my greatest sacrifice of all my prospects—of which I sometimes yet feel the sting—to the peace and comfort of your excellent mother, and conducted her, who had given up country and ease, and relatives and friends, to follow her consort to the Western hemisphere, to Oldenbarneveld, to enjoy there

the society of our few friends, Gerrit Boon,¹ and Mr. and Mrs. Mappa, and there, I expect the end of our course.

When Mrs. van der Kemp in 1794 had first visited Olden Barneveld, the Castorland journalist says that the settlement had "a large clearing, a forge, saw mill, a fine two story frame house with all the conveniences of a city home, fine vegetable gardens, log houses, etc., all a great credit to Mr. Boon's industry" and that "Mrs. Mappa received me *de son mieux*;

¹ Gerrit Boon of Rotterdam, came to America in 1790 with John Lincklaen, both under the direction of the Holland Land Company. He became Agent for its lands in Oneida County and arrived upon this purchase in 1793, the first settler. He named his village Olden Barneveld, lived there for some years, and was succeeded in his Agency by Colonel Adam Gerard Mappa. He returned to Rotterdam, where his "*comptoir*" was under the *forma* of Van der Pot and Boon, one of the oldest and most reputable families of the city." Among the letters of introduction for Holland given by Mr. van der Kemp to Mr. A. H. Everett, of Boston, in 1815, was one to "my friend Boon at Rotterdam, who is delighted to receive an American under his roof. Though no literary man he is an enlightened merchant, he was here a number of years, and this our settlement and neighborhood has risen and been fostered by his care. He has a cultivated mind and a heart to endear him to all around."

In 1833 he was left alone by the loss of his wife, who had no children; he was then in feeble health; the date of his death is unknown.

The life-size portrait of Mr. Boon, in crayon on pink paper, by St. Memin, is in the possession of the Oneida Historical Society at Utica.

speaking French, as did all her family ; her husband, the *ci-devant* Dutch general of the Revolution, was exiled like all other leaders of the Republican party." Here van der Kemp, in 1797, once again and for the last time established his home. It was in a cottage which still stands, not far from the old Unitarian church. Here in his bed-chamber he placed the sword and pistols carried through the Dutch Revolution, and "the sword of the Baron de Haersolte," laid aside his books for moments of summer recreation and months of winter leisure, and again essayed his agriculture. Many of the families of their acquaintance in the neighbourhood, rough country though it was, lived in well-appointed houses, with not only every comfort, but much of the luxury of the time ; the exiles, now by repeated losses in narrow circumstances, redeemed their daily round and common task by *savoir faire* and *savoir vivre*, and were happy in the society of the friends whom they had come to join.

VI.

ADAM GERARD MAPPA.

THE name of Adam G. Mappa, a native of Delft, often appears in the Holland Land Company's deeds of property in Oneida County, and the house in the village of Trenton—now Barneveld—New York, built for him in 1810 as its agent, is still standing, a study of the Georgian period of architecture in this country.¹

This quiet home saw the closing years of a life of vicissitude, among the few records of which the happiest are perhaps the earliest, a half-dozen letters tied in an old blue silk case, written in 1786-1787 to the woman who later became his wife, while both were still living in Holland. Even then they had their troubles,

¹See *The Georgian Period*, Part V., American Architect & Building News Co., 1900.

ces beaux jours où ils étaient si malheureux,
for though Anna Adriana Paspoort was twenty-seven, she lived in the Old World, and there in the eighteenth century a father's disapproval was a complete ban to a lover's pretensions.

"A native of Holland, Mappa had at an early age entered the Dutch service, and gained marked distinction as a brave and enterprising officer during the brief opportunity afforded him before he retired." His letters are more full of expressions of affection than of the details of his life and affairs such as we would like to know while he is marching with his regiment from post to post in the Netherlands, though once he tells us how, at one of the more agreeable posts, he goes "every week to a private party, where people talk to ladies young and old, play for money, take a cup of chocolate and come home at nine"; or he visits Madame van Asten, "a delightful woman of a certain age, wife of his friend, who waited fourteen years in defiance of her mother's opposition for the man she loved."

He has his professional difficulties, which he

recounts at length; he writes often of his religious feelings, which, to do him justice, his later life—and so we may assume his earlier—did not belie. His thoughts are with the woman he loves, and although it is hard for him to leave, “being Adjutant,” he hopes to see her soon, “entering by the garden gate.” He longs to be with her again in the *petit salon*, he ventures to send her a little present, he thinks they may in time “vanquish” her father, “by their prayers, their humility and constancy.”

With such an arsenal at their command, one cannot wonder that they prevailed. “On the 11th of February, 1780,” the family Bible record says, they were “married in the old church by Dominie P. Rietveld.” Doubtless this was in Delft, where the Paspoots lived.

The next few years were happy enough to have no history. There is reason to suppose that Mappa left the army about the time of his marriage, and later perhaps engaged in the business of type-founding. When the political storms gathered, “his desires to substitute for the oligarchial constitution of his country a

representative government which would secure to her the blessings of civil liberty, called out the energies of his character and distinguished him for his patriotism." Again he took up his sword, and so, in the same box with the letters and his commission, is an epaulet lined with green cloth, the fringe of the finest silver bullion, which suggests the next chapter in Mappa's story. "By 1786-1787 he had become one of the leaders of the Dutch Patriots, the commander of the armed citizens in the Province of Holland," and soon made his name a terror to the invaders. Daendels wrote to him at Delft the day after Wyk had fallen: "Amice! come and command us! all the Guelderland men will rejoice."¹

But by the autumn of 1787, "after keeping the Hague for several succeeding days in a state of alarm, with his small band of patriots alone, he was overwhelmed with numbers," obliged to disband his men,² and was banished with fourteen others for ever from Delft.

¹ MS. note of Daendels. From copy in the editor's possession.

² Amsterdam, 1787. The auxiliary regiment of Mappa appeared October 9th, at four P.M. on the drilling-field, by the Utrecht Gate,

By the authority of his republican friends, he immediately repaired to the Court of Versailles as commissioner to solicit her countenance and co-operation, already promised, for the Patriot cause.¹ At first he received encouragement, but France was too much busied in those momentous affairs which preceded the Revolution to be depended upon.

Foiled in this attempt, his country in possession of foreign invaders, although Louis XVI. is said to have given him a commission, he determined to embark with his family for America. Upon this Mrs. Mappa is said to have had the courage to go back, not without personal risk, to their old home from which her husband had been obliged to flee at a

where it was summoned, and was there disarmed. The weapons were brought to the city. The cannon also hauled from the battery and brought to the magazines. The officials visited the houses to demand of the auxiliaries their arms, powder, and lead, according to the order of October 9, 1787.—See *N. Nederl. Jaarb.*

¹ My friend Mappa dined in Paris in 1787 at My. van den Yver's, the lady recommended a Pike folded in a damask napkin, *comme parfaitement bien mortifié*.

"Apropos of the meaning in Pope of 'old fish at table, but young flesh, etc.' (a Dutchman would call it old wine), I knew not that the English preferred old fish above fresh, I knew the French did so—'*jeune chair et vicieux poisson*.'" MS. letter to Adams.

moment's notice, where she hurriedly arranged their affairs, and collected such personal property as she could, their ship mean while waiting till this might be accomplished. With the two years which they spent at the Château de Watte with Mr. Blok,¹ near St. Omer, where hundreds of the Dutch Patriots took refuge, this would account for the time between July, 1787, and December 1, 1789, when Mappa arrived at New York with his family.

His friend van der Kemp at once begs leave of Mr. Adams, then Vice-President, to introduce Mappa, "one of the eminent characters among the Patriots for political knowledge, undaunted bravery, sacrifices, and distinguished personal merit," though already Mappa some years before had met Mr. Adams at the *Lyon d'or* in Amsterdam, and asked his advice as to emigrating to America.

¹ Bernardus Blok. Born at Macassar, 1755. After the failure of the Patriot movement, thinking himself not sufficiently secure in Brussels, he fixed his abode at the Château de Watte, below Cassel in France. In 1806 he was appointed Fiscal in Curaçoa; in 1809 secretary of Daendels in Java; in 1812 he returned to the Netherlands, and after the country regained independence he was named Member of the Court of First instance at Alkmaar. Died in office 29 July, 1818. *Beschrijving . . . Vervolg.*, vol. ii., p. 268.

Again they met, when Mr. Adams invited him to his house, doubtless "Richmond Hill," near Greenwich, on Manhattan Island. Mappa, upon the advice of Jefferson, then United States Ambassador in Paris, where he had also met Franklin, had brought with him to America a complete "Letter Foundry," not alone for "the Western, but the Oriental languages at the value of at least about £3500 New York currency. For the moment," continues van der Kemp, there is, "so far as I know, not a single letter-foundry in America, and the printers must purchase them in England or Scotland," and he proposes that Congress shall tax foreign letter-types and encourage Mappa and a home industry.¹

During the next few years, letters of Mrs. Mappa to her husband's sister in Holland, and advertisements in French and English in the New York papers, give a slight outline of their life.

NEW YORK, August, 1790.

We are well, through God's goodness and fairly well pleased here, we have very good prospects of

¹ MS letter to Adams, January 7, 1790.

success with the *Letter-Gieter*, we have a very good and cheerful house very suitable for our business, some good friends, and a contented and thankful heart since we enjoy so many blessings from Heaven above. I am sure my dear sister will rejoice with us, and thank God for and with us. I have no news that I can give you, since all here is strange to you, and I really know nothing, but only that the Congress of the States, which for five years was held here, has departed to the city of Philadelphia, and that some Kings or chiefs of the Creek Nation have spent some time here to conclude a treaty of peace and friendship with the United States. They are all savages, terrible to see, their natural colour black or inclining to be nearly black, they paint their faces with all sorts of colours, wear rings in their noses, and some have the border of the ear pierced and adorned with little tin plates. Moreover they deck themselves with feathers of all sorts and colours, and wear no breeches, so their backs are bare, and no agreeable sight.

January, 1791.

By God's providence we are all well, and all our affairs would go well had we better work people, and a better work-place, but we are obliged to move in May, and, if possible to find a good situation for our affairs outside the city, we shall go, for the pleasure of country life.

From New York, September 20, 1791, she writes of her sad summer, and the death of

her youngest child when eight weeks old. Mappa was working "early and late, with scarcely time to eat and drink," and must do much with "his unaccustomed hands"; they hope in time to overcome all difficulties, but if not, and if they must always drudge, still they will be patient, and happier with their good name and good conscience than if they had abandoned honour and duty.

Discouraged though they seemed to be, in 1792 Mappa's name still stands in the New York Directory as a type-founder, at 22 Greenwich Street. But on February 1, 1794, he advertises his type manufactory for sale, and purchasers are directed to "apply at Passaick and Second River three miles north from New Ark, the mansion house of Col. Cortlandt where subscriber now lives," and by the following summer, as we have already seen, he had established himself and his family in Boon's Settlement, later Olden Barneveld, now Trenton.

Baron Steuben was already on his Patent near them.

The sixteen thousand acres of land which New York had given him lay in Oneida County about twelve miles north of Old Fort Schuyler, the Utica of our day, and formed part of the township which still bears his name. It was a rough, stony tract, fitter for grazing than planting, with a high ridge running across it, from which, as his eye became familiar with the landscape, he could distinguish the highlands of seven different counties, and, gleaming over the tree tops on the farthest verge of the horizon, the bright waters of Oneida Lake. This was to be his home during the active months of the year. . . . Sixty acres were set apart, and cleared for the manor-house, which was to be a building suited to his rank and habits of life. Meanwhile he contented himself with a log-house, enlarged after a short time by the addition of a frame-house of two rooms. Here Mulligan . . . as secretary was his constant inmate; North¹ or Walker or some other old companion would often come to stay a week or more. . . . He studied farming as he had studied the art of war. . . . And never, perhaps, even as he rode his war-horse down the line . . . did he feel a truer pleasure than when he guided Molly, his quiet little mare, through the stumpy and half worn paths of Steuben. In the evening chess or a book

¹ William North, born in Maine, 1775. Served as officer through the War of Independence. Member of the New York Society of the Cincinnati, United States Senator from that State, Erie Canal Commissioner, Adjutant-General of the United States Army. Married Maria, daughter of Hon. James Duane. Died, New York City, January 3, 1836. He was Aid to Baron Steuben, as was Walker.

filled up the time pleasantly. . . . And thus the last four years of his life glided smoothly away, with little in them to recall Frederick's camp, or the drawing-rooms at Hechingen,¹ but with something of a grateful variety, and much to awaken a placid interest. . . . During the day he rode through the fields, watched the improvements and gave directions. In the evening he saw his friends and neighbours.²

And when the chess-board and the books were laid by for the *Gazette de Leyde* and the last news of the French Revolution, one would have been glad to hear the discussions between the old Aid of Frederick the Great, who never could believe in the Prussian reverses, and his neighbour Mappa, who was also turning his sword into a pruning-hook, and who was ever one of his favourite guests. Indeed their new interests as well as their old ones were much the same, as was their society.

When, in his turn, Baron Steuben announced a visit at Olden Barneveld,

our Hollanders met him as he appeared at the

¹ "He had been Grand Marshal at the Court of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen for ten years."—Greene's *German Element in the War of Independence*, p. 23.

² Greene's *German Element in the War of Independence*, pp. 77 *et seq.*

edge of the forest, and escorted him in line to the house, where he was received at the front door by the ladies with all the courtesy and consideration which would have been shown him in the Old World.¹

The sudden death of this "most generous and affectionate" man, on November 28, 1794, left a sad gap in their little circle.

The next year Mrs. Mappa wrote again to her husband's sister, in anticipation of the latter's journey to America:

OLDEN BARNEVELD, 1 July, 1795.

We are all well and shall be heartily glad when we may embrace you all here in health. You must help my sister² as much as possible on the journey; you remember her fragile condition and have seen many proofs of her friendship for you. We are now at the house³ of our friend Boon, and do not yet know when we shall begin to build our own; it is very likely that at your arrival we shall receive you in his house; while he has so much friendship for us he will not deny us that, but there is always a great difference if one is in one's own house; let then the joy of meeting us not make you forget this; for the

¹ *Centennial Address*, Seymour, p. 17.

² Burga Jacoba Paspoort, wife of G. H. C. Zalin, both of whom came from Holland to Olden Barneveld with Miss M. A. Mappa ("Tante Maritje").

³ Moved across the road and now the Douglass house. See *Centennial Address*, Seymour, p. 11.

friendship of this gentleman is of too much importance to us not to take all possible care to keep it. Above all, I hope that you will consult my sister, and take care that you do not lack for clothing and if you have it not, that you make something suitable for travelling by land to me ; for although we are in the woods, we are yet constantly with the fashionable people of the country, and without being proud, it is always well to maintain one's position, and so, dear Mietje, I beg with all friendliness that you consult in all things my sister, who can advise you in the best way.

All the news from here I have written in my sister's letter, and I doubt not her readiness to impart it to you. My time is so occupied that I hope you will allow me to close with the hearty wish that we may embrace each other in health, and pass our remaining days in peace and unity.

VII.

OLDEN BARNEVELD.

THE village of Olden Barneveld—later Trenton, now Barneveld—lies in a small valley at the confluence of the Steuben and Cincinnati Creeks.

The drives through the surrounding hills, often along little amber streams that run over beds and ledges of the Trenton limestone, are delightful, and the freshness of the great North Woods fills the air. The summer climate is fine and the autumn is beautiful; the winters—as winters—are magnificent, though when the tardy spring arrived, long after the vernal equinox, it must have been an indescribable delight to see, through doors and windows standing open once more, the dark surface of the gardens and meadows rising from the “oceans of snow,” like Mt. Ararat from the

wastes of waters, lightened in places by the returning gold of the willows, and the blush of the red maple and the "killikinnick."

Happy the man whose tender care
A few paternal acres bound——

writes Mrs. Livingston to Mr. van der Kemp in July, 1797.

It gave me great pleasure to hear that my cousin had again a good and pleasant home, and that your affairs are in a happy train to reward your diligence and perseverance ; how happy that you are far from your native country and Europe, where Bellona hath let loose the dogs of war !

All in Barneveld to-day is but little changed, and on its shaded streets yet stand the Mappa house, the church, and a little dwelling close to a small tributary of the West Canada Creek, which washes in its pebbly course the edge of the meadow that slopes from the door to the sunny garden. This now became the home of van der Kemp. Here, occupied with his planting and tilling, with his library,—every book of which he could identify in the dark,—his wide correspondence, the visits of foreign

friends and Americans warmly attached to the household, receiving as he wrote to Vreede "in this humble cottage sometimes the greatest of the land," he passed his last thirty years in a deep retirement which threw into extraordinary relief the stormy period of his earlier life.

Little remains to indicate the course of those last years. The letters that came and went, "those fallen leaves that keep their green," are the sole source of information, and it is only in sentences scattered through them here and there that the thread of his life may henceforth be traced.

The summers were devoted to his gardens, the inclement seasons, which set in early and lasted late, to his studies. In the winter of 1801, he wrote a paper upon the theories of Buffon and Jefferson, in 1802 another on the Achæan Republic, in 1803 still another upon the "Use of Copper among the Greeks," besides collecting "all possible information" on the north-western coast of America, and through European letters investigating the

Arabian incursions from the seventh to the eleventh century into the north-eastern parts of Asia. To them he added his own favourite study, the Canon Law, a correspondence with a German mineralogist, and the preparation of lectures for the use of his children.

In 1813 he published "The Outlines of the Moral and Physical Causes of the Revolutionary Spirit in the Latter Part of the Eighteenth Century,"¹ and in March, 1811, he finished the literary sketches of Calvin and Servetus.²

He is a great man, a star of the first magnitude under a deep cloud. . . . You may well suppose that such a man has not always been able to understand our American politics. Nor have I. Had he been as great a master of our language as he was of his own, he would at this day have been one of the most conspicuous characters in the United States.³

There was little for van der Kemp's pen to describe outside of the kingdom which was his mind. While his days may almost be said

¹ In *General Repository*, Boston.

² MSS. now in the library of Harvard University.

³ To Jefferson, Adams. *Life and Letters*, vol. x., pp. 22, 224.

to have a tincture of the quality of Evelyn's, with his devout spirit, his love of gardening and of letter-writing, "tempting and provoking his friends with Latin and Greek," his interest in all questions of public concern, yet all real activity in affairs was denied him. In his solitary life much of his thought is of Holland; he seems to hear again the old music of his youth though on muted strings, and wonders if his friends think of him in the Western woods of America. Happily, yes. Cau in 1806 sent him sixty volumes of classics, and he thanks de Gyzelaer for his present of Virgil, Sallust, and Horace, "save Montaigne sent from France, the first stereotype" he has seen. He placed these guests—"used to a warmer climate—next the hearth to spare them the cold; since their host has laid off his fur they too must learn to make shift." Many classics had also come from Luzac.

Those ancients are delightful companions. Ovid took a seat in my easy chair and made latterly a place for Seneca, who pleases me better than for thirty years. . . . I have read Manilius, then Phaedrus; the *Nouvelle Heloise* after twenty years

with new pleasure; then the *Lady of the Lake* three times without interruption. They belong to the course of physic which gave back the tone I thought to have lost for ever.

So he writes to one friend or another in that portion of his correspondence which was with Governor Clinton, Mr. Adams, and Colonel Lincklaen. Most of the replies to these have been preserved, but it is not within the province of this sketch to offer these pages of discussion—interesting though they are—on ancient and modern literature, religions, and history, save as the latter touch upon the writer's times.

But it seems best to give here, in chronological order, the events mentioned in these letters in as nearly his own words as possible. They help to portray those last thirty years of his life, of which the autobiography says so little, and of which the Dutch students of the *Patriotten-tyd*, much as they write about him, are so ignorant.

OLDEN BARNEVELD (1807).

Spent this winter very agreeably with my old classic friends partly, to whom I have given a hearty welcome. The prospect of a supply of modern Lit-

erature gives a new value to their visit. A part of my time to Crescimbinì's *Istoria della volg. Poes.*: a part in examining and noting Venema's *Ecc. Hist.* on the Old and New Testaments, seven volumes in 4to, the best I ever read on that subject in any language, only to the 16th Century. I knew that amiable old man in full vigour of body and mind, benevolent, pious, learned, tolerant, protector of learning, friend of youth yet a Calvinist clergyman.

(1808)

For a year my Dutch correspondence is lost, and a French friend warns me in closing his correspondence for the present, that every letter is opened, even those marked for Holland, and often kept back though insignificant. Except Mr. Mappa's and my own family I am here *vox silentis in deserto*. I devoted much time to Metaphysics, and turn in this desert to gather a few flowers in the Canon Law, once my favourite study. When tired I visited Chaulieu and La Fare, and when they could not remove a growing dulness, Rabelais and Sterne made me laugh it away. I never lack a charming society; nevertheless I must sip my glass alone, no longer filled with *vin des coteaux*.

His old friend Lindsey in London forgets him not in the matter of books, while from Philadelphia Paul Busti often supplies him with Italian literature,

the Morgante of Pulci, and Ricciardetto of Palavicino,

and Machiavelli's Works. Now shall I read Mandragon, for which I have longed thirty years. I have been cheered by an affectionate letter from Cornelis de Gyzelaer, Luzac's executor and guardian of his children. My manual labor when I ought to wander most *fra le purpurea rose e i bianchi gigli* in my garden, is too long and continuous. My literary amusements degenerated too often in fatiguing applications, and corroding cares, though well I know that earth-born cares are wrong.

(1813)

I long for a letter! We know if we give a finger to a child it grasps too often the hand, and so with a friend accustomed to receive without power to reciprocate.

As we cannot converse together I indulge myself in writing. I only regret that I cannot always give it that seasoning which should render it palatable to your taste—not accustomed to a coarse fare—but your kindness will sprinkle some salt on it, and take my good-will in account and so it may do.

You will not blame me if I make use of Sunday afternoon (the morning was employed in family worship) in writing to an honoured friend. This too is religious, to remember the favours which we received and show our gratitude in our good-will, though more is not in our power.

Shall I receive the *Syllabus* from the Philosopher of Monticello or must you [Adams] ask his leave?

I am delighted with the invitation to Quincy, but have you remembered that I am blunt, and that in

the woods this roughness cannot have received great polish ?

12th March, 1813.

My sending the *Wreath* unaccompanied by a single line was occasioned by a short excursion to Sackett's Harbour to take a view of the boasted powerful defence of our frontiers, after the surprise of Ogdensburg, courted so long by the iterated incursions on the defenceless and peaceable Canadians. It was indeed a severe retaliation from which the inhabitants shall not recover in many years, although all the robbed private property is restored or compensated, of which has actually been made a beginning. The loss of public property in cannon, ammunition, stores, is considerable and severely felt.

I arrived Tuesday, a week past, at the Harbour, where I found a great deal of confusion and the immediate expectation of an attack by a superior force without adequate means of resistance, although a superfluity of blustering vaunting to beat the British if only 3000 British should dare to undertake it ! The place, however, had more the appearance of a crowded, noisy, European fair than that of a well regulated fortified camp. Every one went in and out at pleasure, friend and foe. Boy [*sic*] seemed master to appearance, and a gloom was spread over the more prudent by their critical situation and prevailing Sickness. There were the Baltimore sons of Erin with the greens of New York and the valiant Col. McClure, who would fight the Devil, all these I doubt not would fight well if well led. There was Col.

Macomb with his regulars and a few Troopers, with the Parthians, Elamites and those of Mesopotamia of our raw militia. I inspected too the navy, tho' in infancy, in an excellent condition, full of activity, and obeying orders at a wink, the crew under the gallant Leonard and Woolsey, the saylors who would have been chosen by any Naval Commander for an arduous enterprise, the marines in the best discipline under their brave and modest Captain Smith. If the Harbour could be saved, it would be through this navy. But I have not a shadow of apprehension that an attack was intended. The only view, I presume shall appear, was to fix our attention upon that spot, to lure *there* all our possible forces, while day after day their troops in rapid succession are marching to the Western parts towards Harrison. From there I fear the sad tidings may be expected.

This short excursion was beneficial to my health, having been during the whole winter in my study. I was much in want of some relaxation. At my return I heard the mournful tidings of Mr. Livingston's death. I lament the loss of this valuable friend, one of the first with whom I associated in this country. He was a worthy man, to me an affectionate friend. The loss to this State in respect to arts and sciences is irreparable. At least, I know not one to succeed him.¹

BOSTON, 27 Aug. 1813.

Your letter afforded me an inexpressible pleasure —I was just returned from Cambridge. Judges,

¹ MS. letter to Adams.

Lawyers, Ministers, Doctors come and see me as if I was indeed something, and know not that my good-will is my principal merit, while it is to the partiality of my friends that I am indebted for the rest. . . .

Saturday and Friday night Dr. Thatcher, Channing, Holley visited me. Mr. Eliot took a walk with me to show me a part of the city—I must tell you in one word the city and the country and the inhabitants exceed far the most glowing and partial expectation—it is impossible to form of it an adequate concept. I must say come and see. Mr. Holley introduced me in the Athenæum and shewed the Library of John Quincy Adams of several thousand volumes. Sunday I heard Mr. Holley. After church Dr. Freeman and Mr. Carey visited me. Monday Mr. Eliot carried me with his carriage to Quincy—it was there a house of mourning indeed—I was received with affectionate tenderness as a beloved Brother could be—I was there at home again. Mr. Eliot returned. There again Adams brought me in the afternoon with his coach to a neighbouring Doctor and shewed me the environs. He in person next morning conducting me to Mr. Eliot's.—On this journey he stopt at Mr. Quincy's. This family is as amiable as respectable. I give my word to see them once more and hope next week to bid them farewell. Tuesday afternoon new visitants and invitation to see the pourtrait of Buckminster at Sam. Dexter's. Wednesday Mr. Tyng, Brother in law of Mrs. Eliot, brought me in his carriage to Cambridge where I

was introduced again to numbers, saw a large and exquisite Library, was placed in the procession with distinction, in the church occupied no less honourable place, heard all the performances, dined at the college and drank tea by the President Kirkland who introduced me to the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and a host of Doctors. I was present again at the solemnities in the morning, and dined at the President's, where among the guests was Judge Smith, late Governor of New Hampshire, several Judges, and a brother of Abbot of Coventry. After dinner he too came in to see me. Towards evening old Mr. Eliot came with his carriage to bring me to Boston. Norton had been my guide and companion. Messrs. Savage, Abbot of Boston, Dr. Prince of Salem, another of Exeter, Messrs. Everett, Prof. Peck and Ware; (by the latter I breakfasted), were among the principal of my new acquaintances. Charles was yesterday, as a mark of particular esteem, unanimously chosen at Cambridge a member of the P. b. k. Society an honour seldom or never bestowed out of the college. To-day I must dine with Mr. Eliot's son in law—I had an urgent invitation of Dr. Morse.

My love to both families. Strew roses, my dear Bartha, to cover the thorny path of your Mother.

I remain,

Your best friend,

F. A. v. d. K.¹

¹ To his daughter.

¹ BOSTON, Monday Morning,
Sept. — 1813.

I give myself the pleasure of answering your affectionate lines this morning while all my friends, I hope, are comforted by sleep.

To-morrow I leave Boston — Friday morning I left Mr. and Mrs. Adams. Col. Smith brought me home. My worthy friend was much affected at my departure, as it is presumptive that we shall see one another no more. He failed not once to remember Mappa and your Mother at Olden Barneveld, and regretted more than once that you or she had not accompanied me.

Mrs. Eliot rejoiced at my return, it was a day later. My new friends renewed their visits, Chief Justice Parsons, Messrs. Lowell and Norton. In the afternoon Mr. Eliot ordered his coach to have me brought again to Cambridge with his brother Tyng to see Prof. Peck's cab [inet] of Nat. hist. and Hortus Botanicus. In the evening I saw Charles. Saturday I dined with Mr. Eliot at his son in law's, Sunday morning I went with Mr. and Mrs. Eliot and daughters to Lowell's church and partook of the Lord's Supper, while I heard in the afternoon President Kirkland, who visited me during the intermission.

There is no longer any hope of Charles Eliot's recovery. I shall see Charles' sister at Springfield and stay there one day, after this visit I must stay one day with your friend Sophia Childs.²

¹ To his daughter.

² Daughter of Timothy Childs, M.D.

OLDEN BARNEVELD, 21 Sept., 1813.

. . . At Pittsfield I was introduced by Dr. Childs' family to Mr. Watson and Mr. Allen, who showed me many civilities, the latter is the son-in-law of an old acquaintance, Dr. Wheelock. Mr. Dwight, son-in-law of my friend Eliot gave me a letter to young Sedgwick who showed me a great deal of politeness, giving me his carriage to Pittsfield. One of his sisters is a Mrs. Watson of New York, with whose conversation I was highly charmed.¹

4 Oct., 1813.

. . . I am daily at Quincy seeing you leaving your seat at the table and placing it next mine to honour me with this distinction. I listen to Mrs. Adams as often she pleases to amuse and instruct her society. What a loss I did not ransack your library! as many weeks as I spent days would be too little, and it fell short of your and Mrs. Adams' conversation. Tell her I ardently wish two young Ladies now my correspondents could form themselves in her school, and letter-writing would be celebrated as an exquisite ornament of a Lady.¹

22 Sept., 1814.

. . . Here too is all confusion, orders and counter-orders daily, numbers of waggons passing and returning with their load, countermanded by expresses. Monday the largest part of our Regiment was drafted, amongst them my son. It pained greatly his mother and sister. I approved. His sister made

¹ To Adams.

his knapsack, and got his things together. Tuesday evening they were embodied and ordered to march Wednesday. At night counter-orders arrived. Wednesday morning they were discharged. Yesterday passed this neighbourhood four thousand men with General Izard from Plattsburg for the harbour. They pay here now \$2.00 for wheat, 8*d* for beef, 2/ for butter, and in proportion for every article. Could England be worse?

I see my son in his native State doomed to conscription, and the constitution violated by its guardians.¹

Oct. 5th, 1814.

. . . He did his duty, and marches to-morrow to the Harbour. The British fleet is in sight, ours is brave and well commanded. God grant our militia may be firm, they are badly armed.¹

Dec. 19, 1814.

Le plus grand bien que soit en amitié est s'entre-scrire ou se dire de bouche, soit bien, soit duel, tout ce qui au coeur touche, says Marot. I am again in the Ancient History of Greece, . . . I am like *l'envoy* of the ballad

*Pour faire plus tost mal que bien
Frère Lubin le fera bien,
Mais si c'est quelque bon affaire
Frère Lubin ne le peult faire.*

I have received a very polite letter from the Dutch minister M. Changuion, with interesting state documents; he offered me his services, he has sent my

¹ To Adams.

oration to his Government and requested a copy of the *Symposium*.

I have always disliked learned women, no matter what their class or distinction. I was always dull and uneasy in their presence: a well instructed mind adorned with graceful manners showing with a brilliant luster through her usual domestic employments, is of infinitely more value, even Madame de Stael clouded with darkness.¹

It is doubtless the possibility of the coming of *Corinne* which is here alluded to.

For the benefit of his daughter, Necker had arranged at Coppet with Le Ray de Chaumont and Gouverneur Morris for lands in Pennsylvania, and 23,000 acres in St. Lawrence County, New York, and Madame de Stael long intended to visit the United States and establish one of her sons in the care of this property,² which she later augmented by purchases through Le Ray, to whom she was related.

"I cannot imagine," she writes him, "a more noble career than yours [in America]: had

¹ MS. letter to Adams.

² She held these lands until her death, and was kept informed of their condition by a yearly letter from Judge Cooper of Coopers-town, Otsego County. "I knew and respected him," wrote Adams, "indeed one of the great Pioneers."

I not my European habits I should delight to become an inmate at Le Raysville.

“Life is everywhere much the same; the senses are of some account, the rest depends on the cast of mind, the view we take of things, the art of being occupied, and finally friendship to banish ennui. . . . To set up a little summer establishment in a new country which is rapidly advancing, to spend there from three to five months of the fine season, to remain four months more at New York or Philadelphia and to spend the remainder of the year in travelling,” would have been to her mind.

In view of her taking this step she had been advised that she would find the most congenial society at Olden Barneveld, not far from Le Raysville, and it is perhaps this prospect which is reflected in the letter. Needless to say she never came.

¹ OLDEN BARNEVELD, November 9, 1815.

Musing on Molière, the last precious gift of de Gyzelaer, which I received this summer, I was as usual diverted from him to you, recollecting your kindness. My own health is improved, my old

¹ To Adams.

enemy raps only now and then a lady's knock at the door; though I am not always permitted to say not at home, our *pour parler* does not last long. I shall go to-night to make a party of Quadrille with my old friend Mappa, but tell it not in Gath. I have laid aside all serious studies for a time, turning to Shakespeare, and amused myself with *Redi il bacco in Toscana*. I am delighted with Fortiguerra's admirable *Ricciardetto*. Can you send me Ronsard's *Poésies* and Condorcet? And can you explain the spinning with a distaff? I can't conceive how. It is yet done in Siberia.¹

In the famous "cold summer" of 1816, when in July he is repairing the damages of frost in his garden, he writes to Adams that

Jefferson has now sent his *Syllabus* to me and I will publish it if possible [in London]: there will be no hint of the author.

I send the *Syllabus* in my own handwriting with a letter to all appearance written in England, and

¹ Every Country Girl in New England or New York can teach better than Hercules to spin on a distaff, which is a long conical Piece of round Wood, round which the well heckelled flax is bound and drawn out in Thread by the Thumb and finger and twisted round a spindle turned by a foot Wheel.

I should as soon think of sending to a sattellite of Jupiter for fire to light a segar, as to Siberia to learn to spin.

I have written four times as much as I thought I could, but you always strengthen

JOHN ADAMS.

MS. letter to v. d. K., Penna. Hist. Soc.

have engaged my friends shall not permit themselves a surmise with regard to the author, of my letter I requested correction.¹

I was every evening much fatigued. An unexpected visit of Mr. Varick from Utica, and Mr. Childs of Cazenovia, and Mrs. Seymour recruited my exhausted strength, and I was refreshed in the morning. Your letters in my deep retirement are really the balm of life, an old tried friend, an old wine, are above price.

² BOSTON, Sept. 5, 1820.

Yes, I thank my God in blessing me with such a daughter—How gratifying was your affectionate letter to me—not less so to Mrs. E. and C.

The attention of the Rev. Dwight gives me a sensible pleasure—every mark of regard of such a man is to me a gratification which I am more eager to obtain than anything else. Saturday at Professor Shattuck's was a chosen company and an elegant dinner, and in the evening our family meeting was increased

¹ The *Syllabus* was the "Estimate of the merit of Jesus compared with others" which Jefferson composed in 1803 "on the road to Monticello," and which he sent to Dr. Rush, to whom he had promised his views on the Christian religion, with a letter. Randall says (vol. iii., p. 561) that "He never showed it to more than two or three persons, two of whom were John Adams and Mr. Short."

The Buffalo Historical Society now owns the autograph copies sent by him to van der Kemp of both letter and *Syllabus*. The latter is endorsed by van der Kemp: "Publ. in England, *Monthly Repository of Theol. and Gen. Literature*, LXXX., vol. xi., Oct., 1816, Pag. 573-6."

This periodical was published in London, 1769-1788.

² To his daughter.

with Mr. and Mrs. Dwight and Miss Astley of Philadelphia—Sunday morning I shared in the communion at Mr. Channing's dined at Mrs. Borlands heard Dr. Gardiner the Episcopalian and had before supper some music by Sam, Cate, Anna, and Mary. To-day I must pay some visits, and dine to-morrow at Mr. Dwight's. . . . Tell Sophia I begin to calculate when to return, but think not that I can leave this enchanted palace before the 14th or 15th. About that time I may obtain leave. We expect now every moment William from two years absence over the Atlantic! . . .

This instant I received an invitation to dine with the members of the bar of Suffolk tomorrow, which I must decline, but I shall assist in hearing the address, after that with all speed to Mrs. Dwight's. September 4th next Friday week my return home is fixed, and my friend Tyng shall accompany me so far as Stockbridge or Northampton. Thursday morning at seven I travel with uncle Tyng to Newburyport to pay visit to Mrs. Carson—we return on Thursday by way of Salem and on Friday I go to Quincy to bid my last farewell to my friends. . . .

Farewell, my dearest Bartha, ere long I hope to embrace you and your dearest Mother. Believe me meanwhile,

Your best friend and
Affectionate
FATHER.¹

¹ He received in 1820 from Harvard University the honorary degree of LL.D.

OLDEN BARNEVELD, Sept. 25, 1820.

I cannot express my feelings for the affectionate reception which I met with at Montezillo. You treated me as a brother—as a friend—with cordiality which was followed by each member of your family. It is not in my power to reciprocate it, but I thank my God sincerely for this undeserved blessing. I shall a long time feast upon it. When I walk in my garden and see your plum trees growing and your lilies in full flower, my imagination will transport me to Montezillo, and I shall listen if I do not hear the voice of John Adams.¹

10 June, 1821.

It is not presumptive that we shall arrive at the acme of glory without some interruption, some convulsions. The black populace in some parts, the unprincipled education in others, the love of power in others may cause these, but they cannot be lasting, they cannot crush the beautiful fabric, and then in the last resort Dr. Sangrado's *Seignare* etc. shall throw off the dregs, *épurer* the mass, and render America the future object of admiration on the globe. Do you suppose that we shall then obtain some information of the transactions on this puny planet? or shall we be employed in higher topics of contemplation? Whatever may be of this, may I be blessed by our Heavenly Father to enjoy a continued existence, however humble, not far from those whom I have loved and revered.¹

¹ To Adams.

Feb. 15, 1825.

This instant I received from my grandson at Philadelphia the confirmation of the happy event of John Quincy Adams' election as President of the United States. Neither of us two can expect to enjoy this blessing many days, but we have seen the rising sun, our children and friends shall admire it in its meridian glory.¹

QUINCY, 24th February 1825.

MY DEAR & NEVER FAILING FRIEND

The events of this month have been to me almost overwhelming. They have excited my sensibility too much, for a man almost ninety years, to bear. The multitude of letters of congratulations which I have received I can never pretend to answer, for it fatigues me to dictate even a few lines—but none of those letters have been more cordially welcomed than that of my friend Vanderkemp. I reciprocate all your kind wishes for my health and happiness, for yours and all your friends. . . .

Present my respects & veneration to your excellent lady and thank her for her kind sentiments towards me—but my breath fails me and I must conclude with assurances of unabated esteem & affection.²

JOHN ADAMS

OLDEN BARNEVELD, Sept. 1825.

Often when I labour in my garden,—and I do so usually from sunrise till its setting—I expatiate with

¹ To Adams.² MS. letter, Penna. Hist. Soc.

you and your son in your delightful mansion. Soon everything around you shall brighten, you shall revive a while, when the president your son visits you. Indeed your last days appear to me your best days.¹

One more letter was sent before Mr. Adams's death.

I try to make my letter legible but I can scarce see enough to read or write, or even to distinguish a path from a bed when I am labouring in my garden. It cannot last long. Mrs. van der Kemp remains feeble, it is not surprising. She approaches her eightieth year. I have tried in vain for Flowren's treatise on nervous system in vertebrates.

QUINCY, 29, July 1826.

Judge F. A. VAN DER KEMP—Olden Barneveld—
New York.²

MY DEAR SIR

Your very kind and friendly Letter of the 10th. inst. which I received only a few days since has deeply affected me—Well do I know with what a respectful and affectionate attachment, my father cherished an acquaintance with you to the origin of which I was myself a witness, and of which the lapse of nearly half a century has not obliterated the memory—I know too how long and how cordially my dear and ever lamented Mother shared in those Sentiments, and the voice of Condolence from their

¹ To Adams.

² MS. letter, Penna. Hist. Soc.

friend is soothing to the afflictions of a Son, to whom the bereavement of a Parent's tenderness is rendered the more sensible even by the unusual length of years during which it was enjoyed. It is indeed one of the concomitants inseparable from old age, to witness the departure in succession of contemporary and even of juniors in life; but every one of the surrounding friends withdrawn from the Scene, weakens the ties by which we are bound to earth—That many years of health and of comfort may be yet in reserve for you, is the fervent wish and prayer, Dear Sir,

of your friend and faithful Servt

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

When John Adams wrote that "at the hazard of the little vision that is left I have read your travels in the wilderness," he referred to van der Kemp's *Letters on a Tour through a Part of the Western District of New York, in 1792*, which was at that time written in Dutch to gratify a few friends. It was later copied in English for his daughter without having the idioms corrected, and in 1823 van der Kemp sent to Governor De Witt Clinton "this *bagatelle*, to answer in some form the 'Circular

Letter,' " of the Literary and Philosophical Society of the State of New York, on the subject of a statistical account of that State.

On this journey he became strongly attracted to Oneida Lake, long before he thought of living there, and his description of it is an idyl. Whether it was this charming narrative of his visit to the French *émigré* and his wife, then settled there on an island, or the account given of them three years later by the Duc de Rochefoucauld-Liancourt that so touched the heart and imagination of de Tocqueville¹ seems an open question.

Much also was written about them in that manuscript journal² of the ill-fated Castor Land Company which sixty years later was found on a Paris book-stall. Of the three, van der Kemp's is by far the most poetic, and

¹ The "book" quoted by de Tocqueville under the name of *Lake Oneida* is probably part of a larger work, as that title cannot be found here or abroad. As van der Kemp often sent his writings to friends in England and on the Continent, it is not impossible that his third "Letter" in Seymour's *Address* is the *Voyage* referred to. See de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, vol. i., p. 377, and *Memoir Letters and Remains*, vol. i., p. 131.

² Anonymous. From July, 1793, to September 20, 1796. In Collections of Massachusetts Historical Society.

is fairly matched by de Tocqueville's imaginative and exquisite description of his sentimental pilgrimage with de Beaumont to the lake, "still and silent in virgin forests," and the island home of their countryman, forty years after de Wattines had left it for ever.

But Clinton was chiefly impressed by another passage. He says: "Your letter to Colonel Mappa on the Canal written in 1792 is really a curiosity. It gives you the original invention of the Erie route, and I shall lay it by as a subject of momentous reference on some future occasion."

Under the act of 1804 a translator had been appointed for the Dutch manuscript records of the West India Company belonging to the State of New York. Little had been done, however, and in 1817 Governor Clinton offered this "confidential and honorable office" to van der Kemp, promising the defrayal of his expenses, but nothing more. He so doubted his own ability that he accepted the task only upon a second offer, and provided

that the initial volume of his work submitted for criticism to the Albany authorities should be first approved. This followed, and he deemed it a duty "to run the risk," though he "dared not answer for the issue." So, on the condition that the originals might be entrusted to him at Trenton—"since he could be frugal at home but not so abroad,"—he took up the work with joy. Years before he "had broken the ice to get from Holland all authentic documents from 1614 to 1648," and now again he wrote to his "cosyn J. C. van der Kemp, a member of the States General in Holland," for his intercession with the King of the Netherlands to procure the missing records of the West India Company, carried off by Napoleon, and placed no one knew where. "Mr. David Parish offered to bear part of the expenses, my compensation, if wanted [necessary], must make up the remainder," so much did he long for the "inexpressible delight" of "giving the State of New York what she might not have had without him."

It was deeply interesting.

With a few exceptions I would not desire a more complete instruction would I establish a mercantile colony. Nothing was to them a trifle, nothing overlooked. Commerce was the soul, and agriculture not neglected, in this settlement of merchants rather than colonists, feeble in strength if compared to New England, and yet so powerful on the Atlantic that while New England fed them, they in their turn provided New England and Virginia with wares and merchandise, and often exported their products in armed vessels, sailing with New English colours to England. They were the possessors exclusively of the fur trade, of tobacco chiefly and of salt. But their government was aristocratic to excess, and bigotry tainted their religious establishment. There was no printing press, and yet so early as 1652 a minister was sent to preach at New Amsterdam, and in 1660 a fund was created for a Latin school at New Amsterdam, and a learned Lithuanian professor named Crolius was engaged to instruct the youth in that language.¹

The masters at home showed their displeasure at the persecution of the Lutherans, and commanded that they should enjoy at least in their houses the practice of their religion, while the black spot of the slave trade was somewhat effaced by their treaty stipulation with the Ind-

¹ MS. letter to Adams.

ians for the education of the Indian children at New Amsterdam. "All New Yorkers," sums up van der Kemp, "who dare to consult the translated Dutch record must blush with shame and confusion when they reflect how ignorant this State is of what it owes to the administration of a Stuyvesant, of which they, unknowingly, yet harvest the benefits."

His difficulties in translating were great, often "wading through mud and dirt," the paper mouldered away, and his eyes dim with coming cataract. There were forty volumes, and it sometimes seemed as if his one earthly wish to accomplish this task and to have it approved might not be granted, the more as Governor Clinton's successor might not care to continue him in this post. However, after years of toil, by the summer of 1822 the last volume was safely transported with the originals to the Secretary of State's office in Albany.

One of the closest friendships of van der Kemp's later life was this with Clinton. "To him," he said "this State owes not only the canal, but the commencing growth of arts and

sciences and the Revival of that noble custom of our Dutch forefathers here, of thanking God annually for his undeserved blessing and imploring His mercy for our transgression. This cannot become obsolete again." He agrees with him "that our country will be the chosen seat and favourite abode of learning and science," and he longs to have the government "construct on the heights of New York a splendid observatory, superior to any in Europe."

They had first met years before, perhaps at the house of his uncle, Gov. George Clinton, although as "Hibernicus" he described in his *Letters* his first visit to Olden Barneveld as in 1820 :

WESTERN REGION, September, 1820.

In one of my solitary walks with my gun on my shoulder, and my dog by my side, I strayed eight or ten miles from my lodgings ; and as I was musing on the beauties of the country, and meditating on the various and picturesque scenes which were constantly unfolding, I was roused from my reverie by voices which proceeded from persons at a short distance. In casting my eyes in that direction, I saw two venerable men with fishing rods in their hands angling for trout, in a copious and pellucid

stream which rolled at their feet. I was hailed by them, and requested to approach, which I immediately did, and in exchanging salutations, I found that they were men of the world, perfectly acquainted with the courtesies of life. One of them held up a string of fine trout and asked me in the most obliging manner to go home with them and partake of the fruits of their amusement. Struck with the appearance of the strangers, and anxious to avail myself of the pleasure of their company, I did not hesitate to accept of their hospitable offer, on condition that they would permit me to add the woodchuck, snipe, and wood ducks, which were suspended from my gun, to their acquisitions. This offer was kindly accepted. A general and desultory conversation ensued, and we arrived in a short time at a small village, and on ascending the steps of an elegant house, I was congratulated by my new friends on my entry into Oldenbarneveld. In the course of an hour, dinner was served up, I sat down and enjoyed a treat worthy to be compared to the Symposium of Plato. I soon found that these venerable friends were emigrants from Holland—that they were men of highly cultivated minds, and polished manners—and that they had selected their habitations in this place, where they enjoyed

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue and approving Heaven.

The elder of these gentlemen had received the best education which Holland could afford. He was brought up a clergyman, and at the commencement of the American Revolution, he became its enthusiastic and energetic advocate, and wrote an able work in vindication of its character and conduct. In the struggles which subsequently took place in his native country, he sided with the Patriots. His friend held a high military office during that commotion, and unites the frankness of a soldier and the refinement of a gentlemen with the erudition of a scholar.

During their residence in this country, they have been attentive to its interests. As far back as 1795, the elder gentleman proposed an Agricultural Society for this district, and addressed it in a luminous speech.

I was penetrated with the most profound respect, when I witnessed the various and extensive acquirements of this man. He is a perfect master of all the Greek and Roman authors—skilled in Hebrew, the Syriac, and the other oriental languages—with the German and French he is perfectly acquainted—His mind is a great and inexhaustible store-house of knowledge; and I could perceive no deficiency, except in his not being perfectly acquainted with the modern discoveries in natural science, which arises in a great degree from his sequestered life. He manages an extensive correspondence with many learned men in Europe, as well as America. And although I had never heard of him before yet I am

happy to understand that his merits are justly appreciated by some of the first men of this country.

He had lately been complimented with a degree of Doctor of Laws, by a celebrated university of New-England. He is now employed by the state of New York in translating its Dutch Records—and through the munificence of David Parish, the great banker, he will be enabled to have transcripts of the records of the Dutch West India Company to fill up an important chasm in the history of this great state.

Thus, my friend, I have made a great discovery. In a secluded, unassuming village, I have discovered *the most learned man in America*, cultivating, like our first parent, his beautiful and spacious garden with his own hands—cultivating literature and science—cultivating the virtues which adorn the fireside and the altar—cultivating the esteem of the wise and the good—and blessing with the radiations of his illumined and highly gifted mind, all who enjoy his conversation, and who are honoured by his correspondence.

OLDEN BARNEVELD, April-May 1823.

Your letter mitigates somewhat the cold unpleasing northerly blast, which requires the aid of a blazing fire to subdue its rigour. We had this morning rain and snow and hail but it cannot diminish our prospect of the invigorating, blooming spring. We see already several flowers blossoming and the tulip shall join the Hyacinth in a few days. Our vegetables are sprouting forward. How I would wish

you here tomorrow—my High festival—with your lady. I would do myself the honour in offering her a superior Salmon trout, now we are compelled to eat it only with Mrs. Lincklaen and our friend Mappa's family, and be satisfied to drink a glass to the brim to the health of my Lord and my Lady Hibernicus. This is your friend's 71 anniversary [May 4] with that of the thirty fifth since his arrival in this happy land.¹

28 July '24.

About three weeks ago, when weeding Bertha's flowers, I was delightfully surprised by Mrs. Josiah Quincy. She came at the wish of her father and husband, and must see all our cottage. When I opened the door of our front room, oh! she exclaimed, that is Clinton! holding her eyes fixed on your countenance.² Bertha's health remains vacillating, yet I hear her now spinning.¹

But life at Olden Barneveld had also a less serious side. Apart from the entertainment to be derived from the books of Colonel Mappa, numbering nearly nine hundred in English, Dutch, French, and German, and "the remnants" of van der Kemp's "once valuable library," which comprised at his death nearly

¹ To Clinton. MS. letter, Columbia University Library.

² The fine portrait of himself given by Clinton to Judge van der Kemp. Now in possession of the Oneida Hist. Soc.

fourteen hundred volumes,¹ the Dutch families added to their love of reading and of hospitality that of keeping anniversaries and festivals. They observed the Emancipation of Holland in March, 1814, when van der Kemp's oration was read at a meeting at Mappa's house, and, no less loyal to their adopted country, they joined in celebrating the Peace in 1815.

Though we possess neither bell nor cannon we were not idle. I was invited with two Republicans and a Federalist to arrange our rejoicings, we convened, read the Treaty, wished one another joy, and walked in procession, about two hundred persons, and were cheered by a good band of music, all Harmony, every house was illuminated.

When there were no unusual events, chess, and cards (at which the ladies were adepts), whiled away many evenings, and there were arrivals from the great world, like that of Herr Boomhorst, a Hessian nobleman, formerly an officer in the Austrian service and

¹ Pursuant to the terms of his will, the library was sold on July 15, 1830. . . . "The largest purchase was made for the library at Cambridge at prices equally indicative of generous liberality and strenuous competition. The sale sustained the literary reputation of the city."—*Boston Daily Evening Transcript*, July 24, 1830.

under the Prince of Orange, and of Mr. Bernardus Blok, the old friend and host of the Château de Watte, who had been formerly "one of the warmest and most influential friends to the American cause." He came for several weeks in the autumn of 1808 with his daughter and secretary, on his way to fill a judicial office in the East Indies, and "his tale of European affairs was one of horror."

New neighbours came who immensely diverted them, like the "respectable, thin little Frenchman," a "man of the world, once clever, agreeable in company, knowing human nature, a *philosophe* of the first rank, though like other philosophers unskilful in steering his own affairs," as witness his marriage with an "old lame widow," his buying a farm without seeing it, and — "O Weimir!" concluded Mappa, "going away without paying for it!"

American friends from far and near often crossed the thresholds, and sometimes persuaded Mr. van der Kemp, the "old Dutch recluse," as he called himself, to return their visits.

"Depend upon it," he wrote Judge Miller

in 1816, "when I come to visit Varick it will be hard for you to prevent my coming one evening to *drappier*¹ with you. You should command Guert Knickerbocker to appear at the general review." Such a review in 1812 had been described in his *Symposium Uticense*, dedicated to Col. Benjamin de Wande-laer (Walker) one of the guests, who with the others, Breekop, Reinhart, Guert Knickerbocker, assembled for a supper party at the house of an American friend, Francfort,² whose wife is a Dutch lady.

¹ *Draper, railler fortement q'q'un*, "to jeer or banter."

² Probably Judge [Morris S.] Miller. Born on Long Island, 1780, married Miss Maria Bleecker of Albany, lived at Utica, where he died in 1824.

Abraham Varick was a lawyer and man of business who came to Utica in 1804, and later was agent (after Colonel Mappa) of the Holland Land Company lands north of Utica. He married Ann, widow of George Washington Clinton, and daughter of William Floyd, Signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was born in Hackensack, N. J., in 1780, and died in New York, whither he had removed in 1833, in 1840.

Guert Knickerbocker was probably Colonel Mappa.

Benjamin Walker, born in London, was a scholar of the Blue Coat school. He lived in France, and came to New York in the service of a mercantile house. In 1778, at Valley Forge, he became Aid to Baron Steuben, who regarded him always as a son. In 1781-1782 he joined Washington's staff, and was Aid until the close of the war. He became secretary to the Governor of New York, then entered business with General Benjamin Ledyard, was made naval officer of the

Paraphrasing this account—too long for these pages, yet belonging to them—plenty had spread the table, neatness, elegance, and order betrayed the mistress's descent. The host said grace, and next congratulated his friends with the cup of welcome, a usage originating in Germany, still preserved in Holland, the *welbekomen van de Maaltyd*, as Breekop says, of our Dutch folks.

The wine, mild and generous, drowned our cares. Francfort seized the moment and ordered up some old Hoghheimer. It sparkled in the glass, it perfumed the room, the last precious drops were poured out as a libation to the memory of that good old Dutchman who enjoyed that which he possessed, and left yet something behind for his grandchildren. The talk went on, first politics with now and then a broad shot at the poor Dutchmen, till grace was said by Francfort. When all again were seated, "Our ancestors," he began, "were not afraid of a bumper," and filling his glass to the brim, said "follow me, my lads, if ye love me—

Port of New York, and finally as agent of the Earl of Bath's great estate, came to Utica, then old Fort Schuyler, where he spent the rest of his life, caring also for the lands left him by Baron Steuben. Benevolent and hospitable, he died much regretted in 1818.

Breekop was doubtless C. C. Brodhead, surveyor, and one of the engineers of the Erie Canal. See *Pioneers of Utica*.—Bagg.

*Een glasje naer de gracie
Was de wet van den goeden Bonifacie."*

With a solemn *Wacht-heil* the company drank the health of his wife, then came among the other toasts "the fatherland," "prosperity to the house," "our well wishers," and "the five V's—*Vryheid, Vrede, Vriendschap, Vrouwen, Vrolykheid*" — while among other songs Francfort gave

*Spant de wagen voor de paarden,
Ryd er mee na Hurley toe.*

a well-known *vaudeville* recording the calm of the retreating inhabitants before the British invaders.

After the company decamped, "Frank Noort ten halven" (who is plainly van der Kemp himself) "smoked with Guert after the old Dutch fashion our *Mantel pypje*,"¹ and "then came a *glasje of de val reep*,—a stirrup cup,—and so Adieu."²

¹ *Mantel pypje*, a pipe smoked with one's cloak on, ready to start; *een glasje op de val reep* is also used in the same sense, the *val reep* being the rope hanging by a vessel's side to assist the sailors in going up and down the ladder; also used for the ladder itself. [Mr. A. J. van Laer.]

² With all the fun, van der Kemp's real purpose in this paper is to resent, hotly and logically, the too frequent ridicule of the Dutch by Americans, whom he considered less just and generous towards his country than the English. Even Randolph indulged in it on the floor of Congress. Without stooping to reprisals in satirising the weak points of his adopted countrymen, he takes his revenge in

There were other festivals. On December 19th he gave thanks for his release from prison. The 4th of May, the anniversary of his birth, and of his landing with his wife and children in America, was ever honoured. "December 6th was a day of joy," always "Mappa and his family were with us, all the world seemed included in our little room," for it was Mrs. van der Kemp's birthday.

In 1827 this birthday was celebrated for the last time. On September 6, 1828, Mrs. van der Kemp, in her eighty-first year, passed away. Alas! "He lost in her—to whom he was so infinitely indebted—an undeserved blessing."

In the previous April Colonel Mappa had died. After long enjoying "peace, plenty, and uninterrupted health," in his later life he had been bowed down with financial troubles, then so common to ventures in the land business, and with sorrow for the loss of his wife, "that

showing their ingratitude to that great people whose outstretched hand had strengthened the United States in her sorest need, and made possible her freedom, and ends with a panegyric upon Adams as he had known him both in Holland and America, and with a warning that no country recovers its liberties twice under a Republican form of government.

excellent woman, Mrs. van der Kemp's only friend in a foreign land." When, after the custom of the time, his pastor preached his funeral sermon,

We have lost [he said] a man of pure character, in whose word all classes confided. His agency in the settlement of these lands, his administration of equity and forbearance, the trust which people in their land concerns reposed in him, were a blessing to the inhabitants. Steady as the sun in his Christian course, a consistent Protestant and no pharisee, he conceded to all the right of private judgment which he claimed for himself. Never failing to respect the "venerable and benign institution of the Sabbath, so blessed to the labourer and the poor," nor to attend while in health the services of the little church which he had aided to establish, he also set an example of moderation and submission to the judgment of others. At last called home in a good old age, his end was peace and assurance.

"So they fall to the right and left! God forbid that I should be doomed to remain alone in a desert," exclaimed van der Kemp when Mrs. Mappa died in 1814. Now though he was left the last of his generation, his dearest friends gone before him, his prayer was

soon to be granted, for only a year and a day of life remained to him.

"I would not care to run again the same course," he said, "but I have not considered this world a vale of tears." Yet his career seems a sad one. He asked little of Fortune, but even the modest hope of gaining by his agriculture a competence to bequeath to his children,¹ of adding to his small income by literary and scientific treatises, vanished into air. Not until 1817, through Clinton, had he enjoyed the refreshing stimulus of congenial work which was, from the moment he entered upon it, fairly sure to be accepted. His trials were indeed lightened always by the devotion of his wife and children, the worldly success of a dutiful eldest son. But he had to bear ill health, pain, and increasing solitude, for

¹ Although in 1788 he flattered himself "that a few years well employed will convey to me and my family an honest and easy subsistence, the highest reward I desire," he was disappointed, like many others. Their names are on the list of other Dutch immigrants on the lands of the Holland Land Company, whose failures led its General Agent in 1810 reluctantly to dissuade his principals in Amsterdam from sending out any more Holland settlers to this country, where conditions were so new and so difficult that success was impossible even to men used all their lives to agriculture at home.

most of his friends, both in the Old World and in the New, passed away before him, and those that were left more seldom took their part in the exchange of letters, which to him was like the breath of life, and his only companionship in many tracts of thought.

How did he meet these trials, and what led him through the desert places of those declining years which all must cross who reach his age? Happily, such consolations as found are, other things being equal, not beyond the reach of other pilgrims. Naturally as a gentleman he cultivated kindness and good-will toward all whom he knew, naturally the loyal and affectionate heart never forgot his friends, or doubted them because sometimes they had much and he always little. Man of the world, he diverted himself with literature. The bold soldier of Utrecht, the Patriot and reformer who in his time had burned with the wrath and the hope of the Revolution, knew well twenty and more years later how to "sit by a country fireside and listen"—well-trained soldier and

publicist as he was—"to what was doing in Rome." . . . "The obscure inhabitant of the Western woods" worked with his own hands, early and late, in his "gardens," "charming" to him as if they smiled by the Lake of Geneva or the canals of Holland, and welcomed his friends to his "cot," no matter at what personal inconvenience in that small house of few rooms. Student of Groningen and Franeker, he drank deep of the Greek and Latin authors, while, as a modern, he explored as far as he might the fast widening domain of natural history.

Lastly, Orientalist and clergyman of Leyden, as he was, he constantly read and re-read the Holy Scriptures in the original tongues, and from their unfailing source it would seem as if he drew the submission, the humility, the courage, and the Christian hope with which, without a trace of bitterness or regret, he accepted the disappointments of life and confronted "the time to be old, to take in sail."

"Long since," he said, "I was weaned from an inordinate desire of seeing my days much

prolonged. I grow more and more indifferent to the closing scene. From time to time, a bolt with which our heart was riveted, is loosened, and it is natural that we look undis-may'd at the instant when the last shall be removed. The Almighty shall be just and He is wise and good, this is the corner stone of my faith. Had I not believed in the gospel, I doubt not or many years past I should have ended my existence, now I live in hope." Yet he often longed for death, and when it came it was as he would have wished, "a short warning," for his health to the last had been good. His son had visited him in August, he had been to see his old friend Scriba at Oneida Lake but the week before, and on the 31st he had written to his bosom friend in Holland, Peter Vreede¹—the same for whom he had placed his life and liberty willingly in jeopardy, and faced the long political trial in 1782—forty-seven years before—what was to be the last letter of their lifelong correspondence.

¹ Always of unquestioned integrity, firmness, and extraordinary talents. V. d. K.

"Now I must close," it ended. "I can scarcely distinguish one letter from another. Whatever may happen I know you remain unalterably my friend, as, so long as I draw breath, shall I be yours. Once again, farewell."

A week later, on September 7, 1829, his "passports were signed" as he had so long desired, and he "was dismissed."

Twelve years before, the autobiography had been concluded with these words :

You know, my dear John, although we lead an inglorious life, working hard day by day, though with pleasure, yet as labourers,—our income, with all your Mother's economy, and your sister's unrelenting care and industry, would be insufficient if we were not chiefly supported by your rare generosity ; and although to appearance in a low station, in a humble cottage, without carriage, or even a horse, yet we are beloved, we are respected by many who know us. We gained many a friend, and, God be thanked, we lost none ; and we continued to be favoured with the good opinion of those who can bestow esteem. Among these I glory in*an Adams, in a Jefferson and Jay, in Eliot's family, in Busti, in Platt, in Scriba, and in the cordial and respectful friendship of you, my worthy son.

The Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, the

Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston,—that of Philosophy, and Literature at New York, have associated me with their members; while a Jefferson, a Clinton, and many other worthies, distinguish me with their attentions in my retirement, and there yet I have not been idle.

Early I sent to Dr. Toulmin a "Critical Dissertation on the person of Jesus Christ" which I fear is lost.

My "Philosophical Researches" on the systems of Buffon and Jefferson, I undertook on the persuasion of Chancellor Livingston.

I wrote a "History and Political Sketch on the Achaic Republic" with now Governor De Witt Clinton.

"A Discussion on the Use of Copper by the Ancients."

The "Scripture Doctrine of Baptism." (Now in England.)

"Lectures for the Instruction of my Family."

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(With the Rev. H. Dwight.)

"Symposium Uticense."

"A Tour through the Western Country, to the Lakes."

"History of Servetus," published in England.

"Sketch on Agriculture."

"Wreath for the Rev. Daniel Dow."

Orations on the Death of Washington, and on the Dutch Emancipation.

"Moral and Physical Causes of the Revolutionary

Troubles." Published in Boston in the *General Repository*.

Memoranda concerning the character and person of Jesus Christ, with various smaller articles published here and in Europe. And so, my dear John, I am approaching the end of my career, not fearing it, nor anxiously wishing for its prolongation.

Was your character less good, my Son ! had I observed in it glaring faults or predominant foibles which might be corrected, in seeing their deformity and noxious tendency in others, I might have had many lessons to bestow from my past conduct. Now it would do no good to lift up this veil. I am not unhappy ; I hope I am not unthankful for the numberless undeserved mercies bestowed on me, and yet enjoyed. I recommend you to my God, who will reward, for what is not in my power to recompense you, while you possess my love, and my ardent wishes for your happiness, and that of your dear Julia, and promising children. Adio.

Yours,

FR. ADRIAN VAN DER KEMP.

Endeared to the people of his town as Judge van der Kemp was, "by his high Christian example, his unsullied honour and integrity, and his constant friendship," they bore witness to their regard for his children all their life afterwards.

For forty years after her father's departure, Miss van der Kemp lived on in the little cottage, with her brother Peter until his death, and after that alone.

"I have a very strong attachment," she said, "to a long tried home, and never felt a wish to exchange it for a better," and she kept all exactly as when her idolised mother and father were there.

One would be glad to know who were the various strangers sheltered under its roof during her father's life, even whose names, she used to say, were often not disclosed to her. In her later days, refugees came no more to American villages, but she kept the spirit of the old hospitality fresh to the last. Her house was very pleasant, full of old pictures and of other interesting things, while the heavenly goodness of its mistress, her strong and well-trained mind and will, made its uplifting atmosphere. "But for her sustaining kindness," said Miss Mappa, "I should have sunk under my trials, and even in her own afflictions she has soothed and comforted me."

So closely united was Miss van der Kemp from her earliest years with this oldest friend and constant companion, born in Holland like herself, that no sketch of her life would be complete without some account of Miss Mappa, whose personal ties, occupations, and circumstances were so much the same.

Sophia Apollonia, the only daughter of Colonel Mappa, never married, and always lived within a stone's throw of Miss van der Kemp, save for a few years when after her father's death she first left the old place, now become her brother's, for a house of her own. From 1832 to 1841 she occupied the "Stone Cottage," "where all was in miniature save affection." Later she built again, this time in the village, another cottage, where she lived until her death, with two friends, Madame de Castro and her mother, Madame Marguerat, whose father was the well-known Dutch poet Nomz.

In January, 1860, after a life which had not been without its troubles, Miss Mappa was taken away. "Now," wrote Miss van der

Kemp, "there will be no let or hindrance to that generous, benevolent spirit which so delighted in doing good, and making all around her happy, and this thought ought to forbid my dwelling on my loss, but it is indeed grievous to part with one so dear."

Thus left, the last of her generation—for both her brothers had died—Miss van der Kemp kept on her way without repining, for "our holy religion" had taught her that not only a grateful, but a cheerful spirit was an "acceptable offering." She still interested herself in her many friends, her books and flowers, local affairs and public events, and happily she saw the end of the Civil War, surviving until January 3, 1868, when after a short illness she died in the eighty-third year of her age, revered and beloved by all, the last of the exiles who came from Holland so long before, and who had for so many years adorned with their character and attainments the little American settlement.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

“AT an early stage of the American Revolution, when the struggle for liberty and independence was yet doubtful, the Dutch merchants,¹ who afterwards formed the Holland Land Company, warmly espousing the cause of this infant republic, came forward at every hazard to furnish her with supplies, in order to relieve the wants of her armies. The meritorious exertions of these individuals cannot be forgotten by the surviving patriots of the revolution, nor will the faithful records of history cease to attest them to posterity.

“The government of the United States, in the enjoyment of peace and independence, being soon happily enabled by a wise and regular system of finance to satisfy the demands of their public creditors, the capital of a part of the debt thus contracted with the merchants of Holland was thrown into their hands at a moment when the convulsions and revolutions of Europe threatened to subvert the whole fabric of civil society. Under these circumstances they determined to reinvest the funds in

¹ Especially van Staphorst, Stadnitski, and Willink. F. A. v. d. K. MS. letter to Adams, June 19, 1827.

American lands, and during the course of the years 1792 and 1793 the uncultivated wilds of the Genesee thus passed into the hands of the individuals who composed the Holland Land Company."—Memorial by Paul Busti.¹ See Lincklaen's *Journals*, pp. 135, 136.

APPENDIX B.

POPLAR FOREST NEAR LYNCHBURG *Apr. 25, 16.*

SIR

Your favor of Mar. 24. was handed to me just as I was setting out on a journey of time and distance, which will explain the date of this both as to time and place. The *Syllabus*, which is the subject of your letter was addressed to a friend² to whom I had promised a more detailed view. but finding I would never have time for that, I sent him what I thought should be the outline of such a work. the same subject entering sometimes into the correspondence between mr. Adams and myself, I sent him a copy of it. the friend to whom it had been first addressed dying soon after, I asked from his family the return of the original, as a confidential communication, which they kindly sent me. so that no copy of it, but that in possession of mr Adams, now exists now out of my own hands. I have used this caution,

¹ Born in Milan, Italy ; came to Philadelphia in 1794 and died there 1824, Second General Agent of the Holland Land Company. "A good man of conspicuous talents and doing good wherever he went."

² Dr. Rush of Philadelphia.

lest it should get out in connection with my name ; and I was unwilling to draw on myself a swarm of insects, whose buzz is more disquieting than their bite. as an abstract thing, and without any information from what quarter derived I can have no objection to it's being committed to the consideration of the world . . . if the *Syllabus* and *Extract* (which is short) either in substance, or at large, are worth a place under the same cover with your biography [of Jesus Christ], they are at your service. I ask one only condition, that no possibility shall be admitted of my name being even intimated with the publication. if done in England, as you seem to contemplate, there will be the less likelihood of my being thought of. I shall be much gratified to learn that you pursue your intention of writing the life of Jesus, and pray to accept the assurance of my great respect and esteem.

[Signed.] TH. JEFFERSON

MONTICELLO July 30. 16.

DEAR SIR

Your favor of July 14. is received, and I am entirely satisfied with the disposition you have made of the *Syllabus*, keeping my name unconnected with it as I am sure you have done . . .

MONTICELLO, Aug. 3, 23.

DEAR SIR

Your kind letter of May 26. has laid too long by me awaiting an answer. the truth is that the difficulty of writing has obliged me even when in

better health to withdraw much from correspondence, and now an illness of some weeks, from which I am just recovering, obliges me to use a borrowed pen to acknowledge it's receipt. and indeed that is all I can do even now, my mind being entirely abstracted from all the business of the world political, literary, worldly or of whatever other form. my debility is extreme, permitting me to ride a little, but to walk scarcely at all. I am equal only to the passive occupation of reading. in this state of body and mind I can only assure my friends that I shall ever recollect with affection the pleasures their correspondence has afforded me, and shall pray without ceasing for their health, happiness & prosperity. among these I pray you to be assured that I entertain for yourself distinguished sentiments of esteem & high respect.

TH: JEFFERSON

[From the original letters to F. A. van der Kemp. The Buffalo Historical Society owns these and nine others, of which only three appear in Ford's edition of Jefferson's works.]

APPENDIX C.

Baron Robert Jaspar van der Capellen's brother, Alexander Philip van der Capellen, held the post of Kamerheer to the Stadtholder, until in 1783 the prince withdrew his confidence from him, influenced probably by intrigue, though acting under colour of his belief that the Kamerheer's "Cousin of Over-ysse" and his brother Robert Jaspar van der Marsch, who were publicly opposed to him, were planning the overthrow of the Stadtholderate. In vain the Kamerheer protested; finally he gave up his key, virtually lost before. As the effect of this was to injure him, and as he sought in vain a satisfactory public exoneration from William, he printed his vindication entitled "The Conduct of Jonkheer A. P. van der Capellen related by himself to the Public."

In 1787, when the Prussians invaded Holland, the defence of Gorcum was entrusted to him—being a "member of a noble and distinguished family—leaders of the patriot party." Forced by the inhabitants to surrender to the troops under the Duke of Brunswick, and being a person odious to the Stadtholder, he was thrown into a horrible prison at Wezel where his health was so injured that he died at Utrecht soon after his release, "snatched in the prime of life, from his country, his fragile wife and innocent children." See Kok.

Verzameling van Stukken tot Noord-America betrekkelijk, etc., van JUNIUS BRUTUS. Leyden: Herdingh, 1781. Pp. xlii., 300, 8vo. N. Y. Historical Society. Gift of F. A. v. d. K., 1818. Boston Public Library (Adams's Library.)

[In 1785 this was advertised in Holland under v. d. K.'s name.]

[The volume contains two letters of Governor William Livingston and Jonathan Trumbull, the autographs of which he left with his manuscripts as a legacy to a European friend when he crossed the Atlantic.]

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[Appended to Seymour, J. F., Centennial Address at Trenton, N. Y., 1877. Pp. 47-128.]

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Historical Sketches on Calvin and Servetus. MS. Harvard Library.

[The sketch of Servetus was published in 1812 in the *Monthly Repository* in England.]

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Laurel Wreath for a Few Nobles; the translation into Dutch of a sermon by a friend in England, *The American War Lamented*, 1781; *Magazine of State Papers and Documents Relating to the Military Jurisdiction*, 11 vols., 8vo; *Letters on the Corvées in Overysse*; *My Amusements*; *Five Sermons on Solemn Days*; and also the *Defence of Colonel Alexander Philip van der Capellen*, unless this be *Het Gedrag* [La Conduite] of this officer, *Aan het Publicq door Hem zelve opengelegt* [exposée par lui même au Public], *In 'S Gravenhage*, by C. PLAAT, 1784; *Vijf Brieven over de Militaire Jurisdictie, de Quoten der Bondgenooten, en andere Pointen der Unie*; *Vijftal Bedestonden*; *Het gedrag van Israel en Rehabeam ten Spiegel van Volk, etc. Vors in een Leerrede*; *Stukken over de Drosten-diensten in Overysse meest uitgegeven en by een versameld*; *Lofrede op George Washington den 22sten van Sprockelmond 1800 in Oneida District Staet van New York, door FR. ADR. VAN DER KEMP.* "*Anch' io sono Pittore.*"—Corregio. 8vo, p. 30. Amsterdam, 1800. [See *Washingtonia*, F. B. Hough, vol. ii., p. 270.] Translation ("printed on the Continent") of his correspondent Sir William Jones' *Odes to Liberty*; *Address at the Opening of the Erie Canal.* Trenton, October 26, 1825. M[S.7]

"Frank de Vry" was a *nom-de-plume* of van der Kemp, according to Mr. G. van Loon. See his *Beschrijving*, Vervolg ii., p. 189, note 2; also p. 185, note 4. It is also attributed to Peter Vreede.

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